ENGLISH
REVIEW

Saturday Review

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
May, 1930

Correspondence

St. George's Day Message

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—On the anniversary of St. George's Day, the Navy League loves to bring to the memory of our people the gallant and noble deeds of her sailors, and particularly that wonderful epic of valour which resulted in the blocking of Zeebrugge in 1918.

Since the days of King Alfred, our seamen have upheld the right and maintained the prestige of our country in many historic fights, and also on numbers of other occasions, which are frequently nameless and unrecorded; and the protection of those that pass on the seas on their lawful occasions is still the proud duty of our navy.

In these days of international pacts and agreements we believe it is more than ever necessary to remind our people of the great deeds of our sailors, which, together with those of their sister services, have upheld the honour, prestige, and renown of our nation.

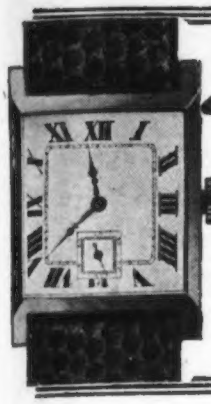
We hope that the memory of such exploits as the blocking of Zeebrugge will help to remind our rulers and our people of the vital necessity of the due provision of ships and men for our Senior Service.

Yours, etc.,

CYRIL S. COBB,
Chairman.

H. M. DENNY, Commander, R.N.,
General Secretary.

The Navy League,
13 Victoria Street, S.W.1.
April 23, 1930.



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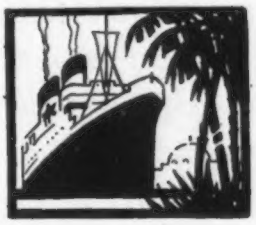
The Referendum

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The article on the above subject by Professor Smith in your last issue was most interesting. It will, however, be a sorry day for the fortunes of the Conservative Party if ever its leaders are responsible for the birth of so revolutionary an innovation to our Constitution, which Lord Crewe so aptly described as "a foundling of foreign extraction." The late Lord Oxford's warning, too, should not pass unheeded, for, as he so truly said at Wolverhampton in December 1910: "Once engraft the Referendum on our Constitution as part and parcel of its normal working machinery, you impair, and in time will destroy, the whole sense of responsibility, both of Ministers and of Members of the House of Commons—which is the salt and salvation of our political life."

If Mr. Baldwin persists in his advocacy of the Referendum, as a test of the opinion of the electorate on the question of food taxes, he



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will be guilty of a gross inconsistency. When justifying at Cardiff in 1927 the conferment of the "flapper" vote, he said, "You cannot go back on the pledges given by Mr. Bonar Law and myself. *The time to complain was when Mr. Bonar Law declared himself in favour of equal franchise.*" Is he not then both logically and equally bound to keep Mr. Bonar Law's pledge in regard to the use of the Referendum? For speaking at Ashton-under-Lyne in December 1912, Mr. Bonar Law said: "But it may be said, it has been said, by some of our friends, since you have gone so far, since no food duties will be imposed until after the negotiations are completed, why not go a step further and say that after the negotiations are completed the whole thing will be submitted to the people of this country by Referendum? I will tell you the reason—it seems to us a valid reason—why it would not do to submit these proposals to a Referendum after the completion of negotiations. *Would it be fair to the Colonies to do so?* Remember, they would come to the conference, if they came at all, in this position—that if they agreed to an arrangement, they would carry it out with the assent of their Parliaments, while we could not carry it out in that way. In other words, *they would come bound and we would come free.* That is not a reasonable way to carry on negotiations. *I do not think it would be fair to them, and that is the reason, and the sole reason, why we object to submit these proposals to a Referendum.*"

Yours, etc.,
ERNEST JAMES.

Arthog, Hawthorn Road,
Wallington, Surrey.
April 16, 1930.

Outrage in Ireland

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—A little of the truth about Ireland and the treatment there accorded to anybody with English sympathies is a rare and valuable thing to-day. So I always read "Pat" with interest, though I do not see much that can be done for a people like the Irish. They are so slow at self-improvement, though not in talk, and they remain years behind other peoples in their savagery. Murder and moonlighting are surely out-of-date means of emphasizing the popular will among

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civilized races, and no talk about a friendly nation should, for a moment, condone such cruelties.

Macaulay, writing on Ireland in the sixth chapter of his History, remarked:

> Though the country was infested by predatory bands, a Protestant gentleman could scarcely obtain permission to keep a brace of pistols. The native peasantry, on the other hand, were suffered to retain their weapons.

The situation seems to be recurring to-day and is, perhaps, too familiar in Ireland to attract much attention. But I am a little surprised that the eminent Irish who have long since left Ireland and make a living by criticizing the English do not pay more attention to the woes of their own country. True, they would not be paid so much for lecturing Ireland, but they could do it with that native eloquence which every Irishman, I suppose, expects. At least, seeing their country on the verge of ruin, they might tell the world what should be done, publish their approval or censure of a state of affairs which may satisfy professional politicians, but raises only horror and disgust among decent citizens.

Yours, etc.,
A. V.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1930

Current Comments

The Budget

MR. SNOWDEN'S Budget cannot, we think, be severely criticized *on purely financial grounds and in so far as the revenue proposals are concerned.* If we could take Mr. Pethick Lawrence's complacent defence of his chief as valid, and agree for a moment that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was neither concerned with expenditure nor with social consequences, but only with getting in the revenue to meet other people's commitments, THE ENGLISH REVIEW might even be in the unusual position of supporting Mr. Snowden against Mr. Winston Churchill. We do not agree that, given the necessity for finding £40 millions of new money, the addition to the income tax and death duties are to any great extent more harmful *financially* than available alternatives. A revenue duty on imports of manufactured goods must, if it is to be low enough to avoid a protective character, be extremely costly to collect, and if it is to be high enough to be protective, cannot be relied on to produce revenue. The arguments for safeguarding, or for protection, essentially different as they are in every other respect, are alike in this. In so far as these policies keep out foreign goods, they produce no revenue, and in so far as they let them in, they lead to a rise in the internal price level which may well balance, in increased costs, the revenue which in these circumstances they *do* produce. We are left with the old choice between orthodox indirect and orthodox direct taxation, and we are by no means prepared to agree that direct taxation, as such, is more harmful to industry than the indirect.

The Wrong Grounds of Opposition

WE make this measure of defence for Mr. Snowden, not because he is not fully capable of making it for himself, but because there is a grave danger of the opposition to the Budget taking the wrong line. It sounds very plausible to argue that a higher income tax is bad for trade, that

it kills the goose that lays the golden eggs, and leads to diminished employment, but *as compared with other forms of taxation*, we do not believe that there is a word of truth in it. A network of irritating Customs and Excise duties, leading to shifting price levels, more officialdom, and dislocation to all trades where wages are closely related to the cost-of-living index, would almost certainly be more harmful to business men than the rise in income tax and surtax. As for the estate duties, the evil effects of these taxes are social, not financial, just as the justification of them (as far as it goes) is social.

A Note on Tax Evasion

THE theory that men who are heavily taxed during their life and at death will cease to accumulate money is far from sound. The steady rise in the revenue from death duties proves the contrary. Tax evasion, in so far as it may grow to become a menace, will grow for two quite different reasons which can be clearly defined. The first reason concerns the minority of dishonest and fraudulent evaders. These, naturally, are present in greater force among the numbers of the rich in an age of changing values and quickly acquired fortunes. A period of stability weeds such types out of the ranks of the rich; the defects of their own characters drag them down. The second reason which may lead to an increase in evasion, and indeed has already done so, has also nothing to do with the *rate* of taxation. Legal evasion will always accompany taxation imposed for purposes deemed to be unjust.

The Real Charge against Mr. Snowden

THIS brings us to the true grounds for an uncompromising opposition to Mr. Snowden's Budget. The first is that, on the revenue side, while financially defensible, it is morally unjustifiable. The second is that on the expenditure side it is economically indefensible. It is not, in our view, true that a higher income tax on large incomes is *financially* worse than either indirect taxation, or a more level and all-round increase in direct taxation, but it is certainly extremely immoral and can only lead to a further lowering in the standards of public and private conduct. To accept the view that it is honourable, or even tolerable, to get votes by distributing £40,000,000 raised from fifty thousand people to the

remainder of the electorate is to accept the view that honour is only another word for expediency. Obviously there is no question here of inability to pay. The income tax is already graduated steeply and effectively. There can be no possible justification for actually remitting taxation falling on people with a few hundreds a year and adding substantially to the taxation of those with a few more hundreds a year except on the assumption that the one class are less deserving than the other. This assumption is false and is known to be false. If all the men earning over £800 a year were to be taken out of finance, industry or government, England would starve in a year. A Government which, perfectly consciously, opens wide the floodgates of public charity, lest by rigorous control one honest man should fail to get his unemployment benefit when he is entitled to it, has on its own admitted principles no shred of justification for predatory taxation of the rich on the ground that a few large incomes are ill-earned or ill-acquired.

The Principles at Stake

THE principles at stake are not abstruse or subtle. They are elementary and indefeasible. Our reply to Mr. Snowden is therefore clear and precise. "Raise money by direct taxation if you must, but raise it honourably and openly. If you want to give the small incomes a chance of thrift, remit, as you have done, on the smaller incomes, and increase the duties on beer and tea, so that the responsibility is felt, and the standards of public decency preserved. Long ago, Robert Lowe, a famous predecessor of yours, said, with an eye on the march of democracy, that we must "educate our masters." You have gone out of your way to throw dust in their eyes. You are teaching them a lesson of irresponsibility for which they will have to pay in blood and tears. You have set a precedent which no smooth words can dignify or exalt, and the people whom you profess to help will suffer for it."

The Real Position

WE are glad to see that *The Nation* supports our view on this matter, though, as becomes an advocate of the enlightened morality, the higher spirituality and so on, with a very gentle moderation. *The New Statesman*, however, usually so acute and balanced in its views,

displays an astonishing complacency, and we may well take its pronouncement as the text for our attack on the economics of the Budget. In present circumstances, says the writer in the leading article in the issue of April 19, there is nothing to be done but to go on making the poor richer by taxing the rich.

This is a really astounding pronouncement. Reading it, one would suppose oneself in an age of abounding prosperity, in which the only discontent expressed was by a minority of selfish rich becoming impoverished by the taxation which was bringing comfort and hopes into the homes of millions. Yet the exact reverse is the case. We have pursued the policy of taxing Peter to pay Paul for more than ten years, leading up to a climax marked by the biggest increase in direct taxation ever imposed by any country in a year of peace. What has been the result? Widespread unemployment, grave discontent leading only four years ago to actual revolution, no increase in real wages, and no check on the accumulation of big fortunes by a few. We blame no one party. Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; even Mr. Winston Churchill himself has had a hand in the work. We only state the results of the process which are in every respect the opposite of those intended or desired. Mr. Maxton calls the process bolstering up Capitalism and Mr. Winston Churchill calls it slipping into Socialism. Both these men, unquestionably the ablest and sincerest exponents of their respective views in the House of Commons, are agreed on one thing; the policy of taxing the rich to distribute the proceeds among the poor has failed.

The Meaning of the I.L.P. Revolt

THE complacency of the progressive and mugwump politicians is apparently still unshaken; but the complacency of the British public is wearing thin. That is the real reason of the revolt of the I.L.P. and the impending coalition of the Liberals and the mugwump Socialists. The prestige of an array of political talent, the combined funds of two great parties, and the personal qualities of men like Mr. Snowden, Mr. Clynes, and Sir Herbert Samuel may well impose for a little time longer on a slow-minded electorate. But the end is in sight. Mr.

Maxton has seen it. The Labour Party must either move to the left at his bidding, or become, as is more probable, a centre party, kept in office for fear of worse alternatives by so-called moderate opinion. But let us be quite clear on one point. The policy which has led directly and inevitably to these impending changes has failed, and no centre party which still clings to it can last for long. Ultimately, and before so very long, we must go the way either of France or Russia; we must regain our independence, our energy, and our self-reliance, or we must lose it for ever. To put it in another way, we must realize that a little independence and a little liberty subsidized by the State, but not guaranteed, is an unworkable as well as a dishonourable compromise. Liberty, independence, and the integrity of the family can be maintained now as at any other time, only by individual exertion, and the alternative of a guaranteed standard of life can be achieved only at the price of a return to slavery of a particularly noxious kind.

The Why and Wherefore

THE root causes of this necessary antithesis are part moral, part financial. The workman can only take out of industry what he puts into it, and he cannot do that if the State takes it first. In one big works, after the management charges have been met, the proceeds are distributed actually and physically among the workers. These proceeds are less than they should be by the enormous sum of 13s. 7d. a week per head by reason of State and local taxation. A substantial part of that sum is paid to keep in idleness the men who are rendered idle by its imposition. But the indirect effects are infinitely worse than the direct effects. Men will not invest money in industries subjected to this kind of taxation, and workmen, seeing the toll of the unemployed going up daily, fall ready victims to the fallacy of under-production.* Worse still, they have no hesitation themselves in driving their fellows out of industry, by regulations in restraint of free labour, knowing that the taxes and the rates provide a fund which ensures the unemployed against the worst hardships. The old choice between a

* The I.L.P. have, as I write, just re-affirmed their belief in the doctrine that shorter working hours are a cure for unemployment; i.e. that by producing less we can consume more!

little work and a little hardship and hard work and comparative prosperity is changed into one between no work and a little hardship and hard work and only a little less hardship. We do not blame the workers, but only the politicians.

Mr. Maxton's Responsibility

But if we may congratulate Mr. Maxton for his foresight in seeing that the present system is played out, we cannot congratulate him on his share in bringing about a disastrous state of affairs. It is the Independent Labour Party more than any other body of organized opinion which is responsible for the present industrial crisis. They have preached for years with the utmost courage, enthusiasm, and eloquence a false optimism. They have raised fallacious hopes in the minds of millions. Helped by the glib and slipshod use of such attractive abstractions as "science," "evolution," "education," and "improved administration," by the use of bogus technical terms such as "the creation of purchasing power," "the vice of under-consumption," and the like, they have unquestionably convinced masses of people that they are within sight of an Eldorado of easy money. When Mr. Snowden bitterly complains of the spirit of despondency abroad to-day, he would do well to remember that it is the nemesis of every false prophet that on the basis of hopes obviously fallacious he can re-create only the philosophy of despair. Lies breed lies. We are neither on the fringe of Eldorado, nor of the Slough of Despond. As before, so in the future, and, indeed, in the here and now, we can save ourselves by our exertions. But in no other way. It is Mr. Maxton's mistake to suppose the contrary. It is Mr. Snowden's far more criminal error that, not sharing Mr. Maxton's views, he lends colour to them for electoral purposes by his discriminating and predatory proposals for taxation, and in his reckless endorsement of the expansion of expenditure.

The Naval Conference

The Naval Conference, as we prophesied, has broken down. The damage which it has done to the cause of peace cannot yet be assessed. It is unfortunate that it has done nothing to balance this by any service to the cause of economy. The talk about replacements

under the Washington agreement being postponed is, of course, eyewash. The only country which might have undertaken these replacements was the United States, and if she is determined on them, she will not sign the Three-power Pact. If she signs, it will be because she is satisfied, as she has every right to be, with the present position. People who write nonsense about the saving of £160 millions on battleship replacements forget that before the days of disarmament conferences, whatever it may be to-day, the world was sane. The intention governs the Pact, not *vice versa*. If American politicians now, or at any time, desire to build an enormously powerful navy, and to seek by economic pressure an effective naval supremacy, they will do so. There is no reason to suppose that they have, or had, any such object. If they have, the Pact will be rejected by the American Senate. If they have not, the £160 millions would never have been spent in any case. What is serious is the complete failure of the Conference to reach any agreement (or, amazing as it may seem, to seek any agreement) for a drastic reduction in the *size* of ships. Such an agreement could have saved millions to every country in the world. As we said two months ago, this problem of *size* was the acid test of the sincerity of the Conference. A drastic reduction in the maximum size of ships was freely advocated by our leading naval strategist in the *Times* before the Conference. The Labour Government equally openly repudiated the articles. Why? Because it knew that the United States would never accept this, the only effective, limitation.

The French Attitude

THE implications of the French attitude have been gravely misunderstood. This is unfortunate, as they are important. Europe to-day, after ten years of impudent chatter about peace, is an armed camp. The Versailles Settlement (a poor thing, perhaps, but still a settlement) is menaced by the ambitions of Italy in the Near East, by the internal dissensions and openly disruptive policy of Russia, by the sullen anger of Germany at the unnatural frontiers imposed on her in the East, and by the eternal Balkan discontents. France asked at the Conference a perfectly simple question. Do the maritime Powers, which were asking her to disarm and so to imperil

the communications between Marseilles and her African Empire, intend to insist on the maintenance of the Treaty of Versailles, or merely to pass resolutions deprecating its violation? The answer given was equally clear. Beyond our pledge to intervene with all our forces to maintain the North Eastern frontier of France, we were not prepared to do anything. America was in no circumstance prepared to do anything. At that stage and for that reason France withdrew from the Conference. The result (to France) will be a movement to the right, with the risk (almost negligible) of a seditious movement to the extreme left. M. Briand's last card—the United States of Europe—is the Joker. The value of the Joker depends on circumstances. In the present case it is *nil*. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Hoover are playing "straight" poker.

A Tragedy of Mischief Making

No more mischievous intrusion into *Welt-politik* than Mr. MacDonald's can well be imagined. It was foredoomed to failure and it has failed. The only thing to be hoped is that it is forgotten. Unfortunately the memories of people are long. They are the raw material of history, while those of politicians merely go to the making of autobiographies. We can only trust that in future our statesmen will remember that Europe has got a history which ante-dates that of the Labour Party by nearly three thousand years, and that its problems will always determine, will never be determined by, the electoral requirements of English and American politicians. Above all, let us remember that Europe by land, as England by sea, is linked with the East. There is our common pride, our common inheritance and our common danger.

Egypt and India

THE situation in Egypt and India is obscure. Without first-hand information, we can say little that is useful, since we can say little that is certainly true. Whether Mr. Henderson has stuck to his guns or no may be known by the time these lines appear in print. If he has, the purpose of the recent conference on Egypt is obscure. If he has not, the conference was superfluous, because our day in Egypt is ended. Any surrender will be the signal for a

demand for more, and a man who has surrendered once will do so again. In fact, without disastrous bloodshed he cannot do otherwise. As for India, no one in this country can say how far the rebellion, for such it is, has the sympathy of any responsible body of Indian opinion or of any coherent section of the population. We suspect that it is the work of irresponsible, unrepresentative and probably alien extremists. By the word "alien" we mean alien in religion, philosophy, and political ambitions, not in race. That, in any case, the rebels represent only a minority is certain, and that certainly should, and will, be enough to ensure that the rebellion is effectively dealt with. It is only cold comfort to see in this lamentable outbreak another of the sacrifices offered to Moloch by the futile and foolish trust of our rulers in vapid formulæ as a substitute for government.

The Anti-Religious Offensive in England

THE vital question of religious education is coming to the front again. The National Union of Teachers has passed resolutions announcing (1) their intention to resist any attempt to reintroduce dogmatic religious teaching into the provided schools (by any such means as the right of entry); (2) their determination that the State shall secure control of the non-provided schools if these are to receive adequate building grants; and (3) their wish for a "conscience clause," whereby no teacher should be required to teach even the miserable minimum of Christian teaching at present allowed in the National Schools. It appears to be necessary to point out, in the face of these claims, that a system which compels men and women to send their children to be educated by people of this peculiar mentality, holding these old-fashioned views, and dominated by these political prejudices, is the grossest form of tyranny imaginable. Against this tyranny the non-provided schools are the only defence, and unhappily a poor defence in an age as deficient in justice as in logic. These schools are going to be squeezed out of existence under the reorganization now proceeding unless they receive State aid. This is the moment chosen by Sir Charles Trevelyan to announce that this aid will only be given by his Government if the schools are brought almost wholly under State control.

Labour Logic

It is of course made clear that religious instruction in accordance with the terms of their trust deeds will still be allowed in these schools. What generosity! What magnanimity! The teachers may be dismissed at the will of the (secular) education authority; the teaching must conform to the whim of the same authority, but for a few minutes each week a little religion may be interpolated with the curriculum. If people who want to discuss these questions would, before they begin, inquire in what religious education consists, it would stop a lot of this foolish talk. Our religion is our attitude to life; it provides our standards of judgment and our criteria of conduct. The effect of teaching an arid mass of biblical history and a few loose generalizations about morals and calling it religion is merely to produce a class of people *who simply do not know what religion means*. The precise object of the nameless hundreds of thousands who maintain and equip the non-provided schools is to ensure that at least a minority of people shall be turned out each year *who do know what religion means*. And they will continue to ensure it. That religion is actively threatened with a renewal of persecution we do not doubt for a moment. Religious persecution and progressive legislation are always near neighbours. But the persecution will fail.

The Fruits of Progress

The attitude of the National Union of Teachers is a pathetic commentary on the level of our culture rather than a serious political development. It is, however, alarming to find that the old fashioned materialistic philosophy discarded long since by every scientist of repute has left this legacy of inconclusive obscurantism. The serious thinkers of the left know, of course, that Christianity has to be stamped out by force before any social revolution can be effected, but it would not be fair to confuse this perfectly logical standpoint of the extremists with the rather muddle-headed (intellectual) Victorianism of the N.U.T. These excellent people are not revolutionaries. They are merely misinformed as to the significance of modern science and the teachings of Christianity. Like their major prophet Mr. Wells, they do not know the difference between the Virgin Birth or the Immaculate Conception, and like their minor prophet

Mr. Joad, they do not know the meaning, in scholastic philosophy, of the word "substance." These men are their teachers, and they are ours. Is it surprising that we have one and a-half millions unemployed?

The Cricket Season

It is pleasant to turn from this rather unsavoury topic to the coming cricket season. Cricket, luckily, is an art and not a science, and theorists cut no ice. The result is that we are likely to defeat the Australians, provided we can solve the only real problem of international cricket, which is to get nine first-class batsmen, a wicket-keeper and four first-class bowlers, out of eleven men. All the team-building we have seen attempted so far ignores this fundamental necessity. It is quite easy to construct a team with six first-class batsmen only and to assume that such a team will win because the other side can do no better; but the fact remains that the history of big cricket since the war has been the history of the failure of the first six men in the England side to score consistently. It says much for the strength of English cricket that only Hobbs, Hammond and Tate, can be classified as certainties for the side, though I should like to be able to add K. S. Duleepsingh to this short list. For the rest, we want a young team, capable of touring South Africa and Australia in succeeding winters without feeling any ill-effects. As for the counties, it would not be surprising if the Nottinghamshire veterans handed over their laurels in September to Sussex or Gloucestershire. Which of these two will have the best record depends largely on whether Gloucestershire have to give three players to the English team or only one. Such questions as this will bulk large this year, with four-day Test Matches keeping the stars out of ten county matches.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Poet Laureate

LIVING to be 85, Dr. Bridges had been Laureate since 1913. Being a real poet, he was wise enough to avoid those official tributes which tend to mediocrity. Until his long philosophic poem "The Testament of Beauty" appeared last year, he had won no general recognition nor did so fastidious an artist seem to aim at it. His earlier

and select repute was made in the 90s by his slender volume of "Shorter Poems," containing beautiful and simple work in the great tradition of English poetry. From this in later years he turned to poetic experiments. Always an intellectual athlete, he threw himself with vigour into the studies and disputes of the metricists and printed familiar words with accents which puzzled the public. "Neo-Miltonic Syllabics" entered on a path which to many appeared hopelessly intricate. A more evident service to the language was his founding of the S.P.E. Tracts and his prose criticism is notable.

The Laureateship, raised by his tenure from discredit, might now well be abolished, especially if it is to be subject to the vagaries of a political choice.

V. R.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

France's Brighter Budget.—M. Tardieu having changed the French financial year, which formerly ended on December 31, it became possible last month to study the French and British Budgets simultaneously. To the Briton who engaged in this comparison it was not easy to suppress a twinge of regret that the financial statement of Mr. Snowden should appear so depressing beside that of the French officials. The note which sounds the most penetratingly throughout the proposals of the Socialist Chancellor is the discordant one of additional burdens for the taxpayer. The principal note of the French Budget and its accompanying projects, as picked up by a British ear, is a joyful one which tells of the freeing of the French *contribuable* from as many as possible of the taxes which may hamper his trade and commerce, either at home or abroad.

French Expectations.—Contemplated by a Frenchman, M. Tardieu's accounts do not, of course, appear anything like so cheerful as they look to an Englishman, but the Frenchman is accustomed to lighter taxation than the Briton and, while he reluctantly agreed that an increase of imposts was inevitable during the franc-rescue operations, he has been restlessly urging, for a year or two now, that the load of duties which he regarded as merely temporary should be permanently removed. He has not obtained all he demanded, by a long way, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the stewards of the national estate are moving in the desired direction and that the outlook for succeeding years is encouraging instead of discouraging. A French Minister of Finance is able to budget for a very small surplus with the comforting knowledge that the *plus-values* of receipts will be such that the surplus will be handsomely augmented.

Cheapening Living.—That, in fact, was the confident rejoinder offered by a Cabinet spokesman in the Senate when a query was raised about the effect of a third list of reductions which was under examination. It was pointed out by the critic that the figures as submitted would obviously create a deficit and inquiry was made as to when further information would be offered indicating what additional steps would be taken to cope with this

adverse balance. But the Minister met the query in a most assured tone, admitting with almost embarrassing frankness that the estimates had been prepared with allowance for a loss, and adding that Senators did not need to give the matter another moment's thought, as the extra receipts would be so great that there would be a nice balance on the right side by the completion of the year. What a shock the House of Commons would receive could it hear a member of the Cabinet announcing a fifty per cent. cut in a number of duties, yet declaring, from a knowledge of facts, that the revenue returns would show increased benefits to the Exchequer!

The British Visitor.—This latest series of French tax reductions has, by the way, more than ordinary interest for the British visitor to France, as he takes a prominent place among those who should benefit. He should be able to observe an appreciable difference when he settles his next hotel bill, for, as framed, the Bill proposes to reduce the tax imposed on visitors to first-class hotels from 12 per cent. of the total to 6 per cent. Those who have stayed at the leading hotels on the Riviera or at Deauville and Le Touquet know how this tax can mount up to serious proportions at the end of seven or eight weeks. There is more than a probability that the Riviera hotel-keepers' disastrous winter season has something to do with the halving of the impost as, without making much in the way of public demonstration, the *Hôteliers* have a manner of ensuring attention to their interests through Parliamentary channels.

Tax Reductions.—As the turnover tax on certain foodstuffs is to be reduced by almost three-quarters, there may eventually be a lowering of actual hotel costs, also, though the operation of this may take some while to work through to the French consumer and the foreign hotel client. French commerce, however, should profit very early from the halving of the luxury taxes on such things as motor-cars, furs, perfumery and jewellery, these, in several instances, having been just sufficient to place the foreign competitor in a favourable striking position. The general plan of the Budget and its associated tax reduction is to favour the consumer within the gates—particular consideration being applied this year to

the tourist—also to stimulate French trade by the slackening of financial restrictions.

Naval Conference "Atmosphere."—It is not easy to write with confidence over the feelings of France in regard to the Naval Conference. It would, of course, be perfectly simple to deal with the "surface" commentaries which suggest, on the part of one section, that Frenchmen have secured all they desired by blocking Italy's hopes of parity and, on the part of another, that France is fortunate to have emerged from a trap designed to reduce her to a Minor Power in naval reckonings. But this is a case in which the hidden under-currents are more powerful than the surface streams, as it is an illustration of the manner in which the mind of a country can be concealed from a foreign observer when virtually the whole Press is speaking with one voice and that the voice of a director of operations.

France in Conference.—France cannot be said to show up well in naval conferences, Washington having much of a likeness to London. Somehow she seems to work herself into a position where, to the rest of the world, she appears as an obstacle to success without being able to offer what other countries can regard as adequate reasons for developing into a barrier to all-round progress. Although, to other nations, she seems to have less at stake—much less, for example, than when the question of military disarmament is under examination—she creates an impression of unwillingness to agree to any concession that is sought in the general interest. Simultaneously she will look to be seeking personal advantage by an eleventh-hour offer to give ground in one direction, providing she is accorded some demand on another count. One would not care to say that this is the French intention, but in an international conference the intention counts less than the impression given to the world at large, and in these naval councils the self-painting of France has never shown her at her best. The Frenchman is less aware of this than anyone, because, as previously indicated, his Press, instead of being really informative, has been principally engaged in puffing out a smoke-screen. The chief line of "information" is that "nothing has been done in London" and that naval conferences are valueless.

Mr. Snowden and the National Finances

By Collin Brooks

THE most superficial study of the state of the national finances, as Mr. Snowden's second Budget has left them, cannot fail to arouse the gravest misgivings as to the progress of British prosperity during the next decade. These misgivings do not arise from any party-political prejudice against the Chancellor of the Exchequer: their origin is more profound. No emotional kinship with the avowed objects to which the policy of the present Government is directed can allay them. The two Socialist Ministries which have been entrusted with the control of the Exchequer have, indeed, not diverted the trend of financial policy into a new channel. They have merely intensified the pressure and increased the pace of a trend which was created twenty-one years ago. Unless, within the immediate future, the finances of the State can be rescued from the control of Administrations which approve that trend—unless, that is to say, we can achieve a period of financial reaction—the decadence of British industry, which has been intermittently stayed and intermittently augmented, and the jeopardy of the whole social structure will become factors in our contemporary history as permanent as any factors may be whose function it is to lead toward disintegration.

Mr. Snowden himself is often praised, or excused, on the ground that he is in person a representative of the Gladstonian school of finance, and that his presence in a Socialist Ministry gives to the nation some assurance that there will be a drag on the wheel other than that supplied by the external friction of Parliamentary and public controversy. Judged by temperament, Mr. Snowden has undoubtedly a right to the acclamation he receives as a Gladstonian. Temperament, unfortunately, is not the touchstone which we are compelled to apply to him in his capacity as finance minister. It is by his acts, and by those alone, that he is to be judged.

For once a well-worn jest may be uttered in all seriousness. "What did Gladstone say in 1861?" is a jibe to the majority, but to Mr. Snowden it must be as

piercing an interrogation as a literary "tag" almost as threadbare—"Under which king, Bezonian?"

In that year Gladstone declared that with him the cost of a policy might be the factor deciding its adoption, and added that he could not think the condition of this country with regard to its finances could be wholly satisfactory when in time of peace the income-tax stood at ten pence in the pound.

In that age, separated from us, admittedly, by two bloodless social revolutions as potent in their effects upon the social value of money as was the War, the most ardent social reformer had not yet suggested to the nation that the relationship of financial control to political policy might be inverted. The method of effecting a change in either class relationship or the distribution of the national wealth was to conceive the desired change, to devise means of implementing the conception, and then to assess the cost, comparing that cost with the consequent potential gain of the change. The evolution of the political system had created a practice whereby a Ministry first formulated a programme and then left to its Chancellor of the Exchequer the task of raising the finance which it required, after permitting him at each stage of the development of that policy to enter his caveat or to record his protest; but it was an understood and recognized obligation upon both the Chancellor and his colleagues that their attitude towards expenditure should be governed by as careful an approach to spending as if the funds at their potential command were actually limited by the income derived from existing taxation. Only a pressing external or internal need, a desperate situation demanding a desperate remedy, justified to their minds the imposition of new taxes. They did not, in their wildest moments, conceive that they might legitimately reverse the whole process, and, instead of financing political projects for social changes of either status or wealth, apply financial measures not for the primary purpose of raising required revenue, but for the purpose of altering the social standing of those classes upon which their imposts fell.

The party to which Mr. Snowden is attached has never made any secret of its desire to change the relative standing of social and economic classes. The cost of a

policy has never been an influence in its adoption or rejection. The extreme Left Wing of that party, excusable in so far as it has never made any pretension to economic sophistication, has clamoured for expensive policies with a glib assurance that the rich can be made to pay. The Right Wing has justified expensive policies with the belief that a change in the ownership of the means of production and distribution could be made to provide the necessary finance without injury to the public weal and prosperity as a whole, whatever the injury to the personal comfort and prosperity of affected individual citizens or afflicted classes. The difference between the two attitudes has been only a difference between the crude and the pseudo-scientific expression of the same misconception of economic possibilities.

Mr. Snowden, one must believe, is not deceived. He at least realizes that the "time-lag" between the inception of a policy of redistributed ownership and control of capital and its final effectiveness would be sufficient in duration to enable the whole economic structure of the nation to be razed by the nation's trading competitors. He is also sufficiently a Gladstonian economist to know that after four and a half years of wild and wasteful spending upon war there must follow for a generation a period of drastic retrenchment, if the nation is to survive. But Mr. Snowden is in a quandary. His functions as Chancellor enable him to contest at every stage the proposals for expenditure of his colleagues to the point of personal resignation. Failing his resignation, his handling of the national finances, in so far as it proves blameworthy by the austere canons of financial theory, cannot be excused on the grounds that he was compelled when opening his Budget to find the finances required by the policy of the Administration. For that policy he is in a position of special responsibility.

His personal dilemma—if one may use the analogy without offence—is that of a devout Anglo-Catholic in the Birmingham diocese. Confronted by evidences of a, to him, pernicious and militant Protestantism, the Anglo-Catholic may not, with an easy conscience, leave his Church because his withdrawal would have the effect of negatively strengthening the Protestant power, and would leave him in a wilderness of personal detachment

from all that he cherishes as a means of salvation for himself and his fellows. Mr. Snowden is a sincere Socialist, no less than a rigid theoretical economist. If his dissatisfaction with the lack of economy displayed by his colleagues had driven him from their councils at any stage of policy-framing leading to the Budget, he would have negatively strengthened the forces of thriftlessness. His withdrawal would have opened his office to a successor less ready than he to apply that internal drag which it is the Chancellor's function to apply. He could not, and cannot, save his soul by leaving a tainted communion, since his withdrawal would excommunicate him from the cause which gives him his spiritual life, and would hasten the very disruption which such a withdrawal would be designed to delay.

In the preparation of his second Budget, then, Mr. Snowden was, it can be not unfairly assumed, in this unpleasant situation: *qua* member of a Socialist Government, he was committed to a policy of spending which, *qua* financial economist, he could not, at such a moment as this in the national industrial history, conscientiously approve. As a member of Mr. MacDonald's Administration, he was pledged to a general policy directed toward the deliberate re-distribution of the national wealth, knowing, as finance minister, that attempts at such re-distribution must impair the sources of revenue from which the national income must be derived.

The task of any Chancellor of the Exchequer is two-fold. He must find means of raising the necessary revenue for the year's commitments, and he must safeguard all sources of revenue from any immediate hurt which would impair their future yield. If the embarkation upon a policy of unnecessary expenditure be for the moment condoned, and the Budget considered as the attempt of the Chancellor to finance that policy, it is by the elementary test indicated above that it must be judged. The skill of the Chancellor is appraised like that of a billiards player, not by the brilliance of his immediate stroke, but by the position which is left on the table.

Excluding the self-supporting services, the total expenditure for the year 1930–31 is estimated at £781,909,000. The total ordinary revenue for 1929–1930

was £734,189,000. The gap of £47,720,000—which for ease of thought we may, in an article of this nature, call a round £48,000,000—Mr. Snowden reduces to £42,500,000 by the easy and pleasant process of anticipating a rising revenue return on the existing basis. In arriving at such an estimate every man is entitled to his opinion of probabilities, but when one surveys the depression in trade, which Mr. Snowden's taxation proposals will augment, the drop in Reparation receipts and the falling off in other directions which has been apparent over recent months, an increase in return of £5,500,000 seems unduly optimistic. Having reduced the gap to £42,500,000, Mr. Snowden finds to his hand £11,000,000 from the Rating Relief Suspense Account, actually taking from it £16,000,000, but adding £5,000,000 as a contra-item to the Sinking Fund. Allowing for an estimated surplus of £2,236,000, Mr. Snowden had thus to find on opening his Budget a sum of £33,800,000 by fresh taxation. Of that sum he proposes to find £31,500,000 by direct imposts, accompanying the increases on such taxes by changes in the law which shall strengthen the inquisitive powers of the State and render evasion difficult by any means which are at present both morally and legally justifiable.

It may be useful here to rehearse in very broad summary form the main proposals of the Budget before discussing their significance.

Income Tax. Increased from 4s. to 4s. 6d. in the £ with a revision of graduation and minor relief on life assurance policies dated prior to June 22, 1916. Unmarried or widowed taxpayers with incomes below £485 per annum and married taxpayers with a family of three children and incomes below £735 per annum to suffer no increase. Estimated yield on a full year of £24,000,000. This year, £21,000,000.

Surtax. Initial rate of surtax raised from 9d. to 1s. in the £. Rate on incomes of over £50,000 per annum increased from 6s. to 7s. 6d. Estimated yield on a full year of £12,500,000. This year, £7,500,000.

Death Duties. Increased by 1 per cent. on estates of £120,000, rising to 10 per cent. on estates of over £2,000,000 (giving a final effective rate of 50 per cent.) Estimated yield on a full year of £7,000,000. This year, £3,000,000.

Beer. Duty increase of 3s. on the standard barrel with an assurance that the consumer shall not carry the extra burden. Estimated yield on a full year of £3,100,000. This year, £2,750,000.

Betting Tax. Finally abolished. Loss on current year of £180,000.

Safeguarding Duties. These to lapse at their appointed dates. The imposts on lace, cutlery, gloves and gas mantles lapse during the current year, showing a loss to the Exchequer of about £302,000. The McKenna and Silk duties are untouched, but are condemned to abolition during the life of the present Parliament.

Motor Duties. Motor-cycle duty to start at 224 lb. instead of 200 lb. Goods' vehicles duty reduced from £40 to £35, with rebate on pneumatic tyres. Effective from July 1: this shows a loss of £20,000 to the Exchequer and of £90,000 to the Road Fund.

Stamp Duties. Exemptions given to companies formed for national purposes. Minor amendments. Loss on a full year estimated at £50,000. Loss this year, £250,000.

Taxation of Land Values. A Valuation Bill to be introduced to provide basis for such taxation.

Debt Redemption. Special provision proposed, £5,000,000 this year and next; £4,500,000 in 1932.

Excluding the provisions for Debt redemption, we have here nine main proposals.

Mr. Snowden's record as a redeemer of debt is such that no one may justly cavil at it. The service of the National Debt is the heaviest item of expenditure. The net total of the deadweight debt is eleven and a half times that of the pre-war total. On March 31, 1929, it was £7,500,000,000. On March 31, 1930, it was £7,469,000,000, showing over the year a reduction, in the normal debt, of £31,000,000. During the year, over £437,000,000 of debt was converted or redeemed against new debt created of £406,000,000. As a result of the various loan operations, floating debt was reduced from £737,000,000 to £637,000,000. In addition to maintaining an admirable standard by actual redemption, Mr. Snowden this year introduces a change of law, whereby a realized Budget deficit shall be carried forward to the following year and be wiped out by a corresponding addition to the Sinking Fund. This change is indubitably sound, and has been greeted, even by the Chancellor's critics, as another proof of his financial rectitude in the face of great temptation.

Of the nine main proposals which I have summarized, Mr. Snowden himself said,

> In facing the inevitable increase of taxation I have been guided by two principles. So long as I hold this position, I am determined,

however burdensome it may be, that the country shall pay its way by honest methods. I will not leave my successor to meet my bills. In fixing additional taxation I have done so by placing the burden on the shoulders best able to bear the weight. I have imposed no direct tax on industry. Neither have I taken from the poorest in the land any part of their inadequate means . . . . I realize the imperative need of the strictest national economy in the present state of trade and industry, not only to provide employment and comfort for our people, but because primarily it is only from trade and commerce that the national revenue can be derived. I abate not one jot or tittle in my lifelong advocacy of great schemes of social reform and national reconstruction, but our immediate concern is to make these things ultimately possible out of revived and prosperous industry. To that we must first direct our efforts and devote what resources we can afford to that remunerative purpose.

In this rhetorical peroration Mr. Snowden's rectitude grows unctuous: his words cease to bear a reasonable relationship to his deeds.

Of the nine items enumerated, two may be regarded as the gratifications of temperamental antipathies. The impost on the brewers accords with a lifelong advocacy of the great scheme of taxing them out of existence and creating by legislation a sober England. The impost is not to be passed to the consumer, because, presumably, that would take from the poorest in the land some part of their inadequate means. It would also annoy the beer-drinking units of the democratic electorate, and might reduce the Socialist vote at the polls. The abolition of the last vestige of the Bets tax at once satisfies the nonconformist conscience of our sober King Philip and affords an opportunity of rubbing salt into the fiscal wound of Mr. Churchill. Financially these changes are of no great moment. The loss of £180,000 from the book-makers is negligible, and if £2,750,000 from the brewers is no great proportion of the £33,800,000, it is, at least, a small item on the right side of the account.

The seven proposals that remain constitute Mr. Snowden's "Heptalogia—or The Seven Against Sense." They are alleged by him to impose no direct tax on industry and to make it possible for trade and commerce so to revive that in the future they may provide money for great schemes of social reform and national reconstruction. He avows that his handling of the national finances has been such that the two-fold task has been well and truly performed: he has found the immediate

revenue which he needs and he has not administered any hurt to his sources of revenue. What is the truth?

Of the three methods of direct taxation employed let us consider death duties first. The impost on legacies has an illuminating history. It was created, as all know, by Harcourt in 1894 from a desire to provide means for the expansion of the Army and Navy estimates without adding to the standard rate of income tax, which he regarded as a fiscal reserve against war. This legacy duty, which replaced existing probate duty, account duty and the Goschen succession duty, was christened Estate Duty and was graduated from 1 per cent. on estates of a value between £100 and £500 to a maximum of 8 per cent. on estates over £1,000,000. Its purpose was to raise revenue and its incidence was slight enough to enable those affected to meet it from income. Fifteen years later a Liberal successor to Harcourt at the Exchequer discovered that the relations between finance and social reform could be subject to that inversion of which I spoke at the opening of this article. Now Mr. Snowden brings the maximum duty on estates to 50 per cent., adding to an already punitive rate an addition of 10 per cent., which is itself higher than Harcourt's original maximum. The original 8 per cent. maximum rate now falls on estates at £21,000, leaving twenty-five higher rates to fall on later gradations of legacy.

With such a duty there early comes a weight of incidence which converts the impost into a levy on capital. Even if generous terms of delayed payment are permitted (and the instalments delivered to the Treasury in plain vans), a demand for £1,000,000 from an estate of £2,000,000 can only be met from capital. Forced sale of securities, or forced withdrawal of money from industrial employment, is virtually a direct tax on industry.

The new scale is estimated to give a yield of about £7,000,000 in a full year. Unfortunately the efforts of Sir Josiah Stamp and the researches of Mr. Josiah Wedgwood have neither given to us a scientific presentation of the effect of inheritance taxes upon the dissemination and re-aggregation of large *blocs* of capital nor convinced the sceptical that a more equal distribution of

wealth is as important to the community as an increase in production, and is not incompatible with it. Death duties at their new rate must have, or must tend to have, a number of ill-effects. The disintegration of large estates, particularly if hastened by successive deaths of inheritors within short periods, must automatically reduce the field for future revenue from this source, and despite Mr. Snowden's glowing hopes of a revived and prosperous industry, he does not leave great scope for the creation of large new estates. The swingeing impositions of income-tax, surtax, and estate duty cannot fail to tempt some owners of large aggregations of capital from the country. No cheap sneers at the lack of patriotism of such *émigrés* will alter the fact that they are able to remove themselves from their present domiciles and transpose their capital to foreign investment. Even where estates take the form of unmovable assets, those assets can be disposed of on a falling scale to the dislocation of all values.

If it be admitted that a death duty ranging to a rate of 50 per cent. will act as a tax on capital, the present excuse for its imposition is less worthy of a financial purist of the Gladstonian school than a frank determination to achieve by vicious taxation a re-arrangement of social and economic power. To levy upon capital for the payment of current expenditure, to treat a capital deprivation on the same fiscal footing as ordinary revenue, is a weakness, upon the folly of which all shades of opinion are agreed. It may be urged that the amount of the realized duties in a given year which will have represented a levy on capital will be small, and that debt provisions will enable such an amount to be regarded as having been earmarked for debt redemption, but the principle will none the less have been violated.

In addition to estate duty, we now have an effective rate-combination of income- and surtax which operates on a graduated scale ranging from 1d. to 11s. 5d. in the £. An earned income of £40,000 will pay a rate of 9s. 11½d. in the £. An unearned income of that amount will pay at the same rate. An earned income of £1,000 will pay at 2s. 6d., and an unearned income of the same amount at 3s. 3d. in the £. An earned income of £500

will pay at 1s. 3½d., and an unearned income of that amount at 2s. 0½d.

Mr. Snowden has made it a virtue that the small taxpayer is not asked to contribute more in the present fiscal year than he contributed last year. In some cases there is actually a slight relief. At a time when the national burden has been greatly increased certain sections of the community are exempted from carrying their share—however small it might equitably be—of the weight, and the class-consciousness of the burdened classes is thereby intensified. The moderate income and the large income—which both imply, with a narrow margin of exception, enterprise, personal industry, and civic value in the income drawer—are more heavily taxed to meet the cost of social services, the benefit of which goes largely to the smallest income drawers, who are themselves exempted either from any contribution at all or from any increased contribution. Income from investments, which in the moderate incomes is the pure result of thrift, and in all incomes is the indirect result of thrift, is increased. Mr. Snowden claims that he has imposed no direct tax on industry; but he has imposed direct taxes upon enterprise, industry and thrift in the persons upon whom industry depends either for its capital or its higher working personnel.

The increases in surtax and estate duty are an incentive to that flight from the pound which all students of national finance have feared since 1926. The increase in income tax is an incentive to a slackening of effort and personal exertion on the part of those whose income reward might legitimately be expected to contribute to the State finances through a wide range of indirect channels. The effect of the three forms of direct impost, as Mr. Snowden has increased them, can only be to depress still further the stagnant industries, to increase unemployment, and so increase expenditure, and to sap what hope and courage remain in a people which now sees direct taxation rising for the first time since the war and after twelve years of titanic endeavour to ease the burdens which have long threatened, and may yet achieve, the final decadence of English industrial life.

But, Mr. Snowden may argue, the need justifies the

means. These increases are less than pessimists expected. They are imposed for the sole purpose of raising revenue, and not, as might have been the case, for the purpose of venting upon the *bourgeoisie* and the rich the spite of the malignant have-nots. How else could the deficit have been met without graver injury being caused? How else could the financial world have been made safer for a pillion-riding democracy?

If such an argument is advanced, the answer is not hard to find. By the Chancellor's own admission his desire is to stimulate and not to depress industry. Under the combined pressure, one imagines, of his colleague, Mr. Thomas, and the Governor of the Bank of England, he has, as a mark of good faith, granted exemption from Companies' Capital Duty to certain companies formed for National purposes, one of which, the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, was registered at the first convenient moment after the Budget was opened. But beyond this concession, and a few minor adjustments of existing imposts—a slight relief to motor goods' vehicles, for example—the Chancellor's desire to stimulate industry grotesquely outruns his performance.

He has refused to continue the Safeguarding Duties beyond their first natural term. The actual loss to direct revenue in the current year is small: the eventual loss will be greater than Mr. Snowden apparently supposes. There is no space here to argue the pros and cons of Safeguarding as a fiscal expedient. Mr. Snowden combines, with his Gladstonian rectitude, as a financier, the intemperate zeal of a life-long advocacy of Cobdenism. Safeguards to him are vile artificialities imposed upon the free flow of commodities. It matters not that these artificialities are imposed to counteract the deadly effect of other artificialities created by competitors and political antagonists. He will have none of them. In other words, while he will not "take from the poorest in the land any part of their inadequate means," he will not tolerate a safeguard which prevents the foreign producer from taking all their inadequate means. A full exposure to the withering blasts from overseas will breed a hardy race of efficient industrialists! Let the British workers advance naked-handed against whatever strong men armed may threaten them! It is a vigorous and manly

doctrine, to which, no doubt, the workless operatives of Nottingham, and their political godfather, Mr. Thomas, will give a faithful, if pragmatical, assent six months hence.

Even if Mr. Snowden's fiscal economics be sound, when expounded in an academic void, he forgets the psychological effects of the Safeguarding Duties. The confidence which they have inspired, no less than their direct value to the safeguarded concerns, has caused certain industries to make an expansion of unexpected rapidity. The creation of work, both directly and indirectly, has been greater than any mere census of the employed populations in safeguarded industries would show. That confidence is now shattered. The " will to optimism " has been destroyed.

His acute revenue needs alone prevented the Chancellor from ending the Silk and McKenna Duties. Here he could not positively shatter the confidence which they have engendered, but he was, at least, able to shake it. The duties will cease—when he does not know, but within the lifetime of the present Parliament. These duties, and the industries which they have aided—directly, as I think, and certainly indirectly by the psychological stimulation of which I have spoken—are sentenced to death, but have an indefinite reprieve for one, two, three or four years. If this is Mr. Snowden's technique in attempting to revivify industry, it is strangely inept, so inept that his opponents may well think his solicitude is feigned and his protestations forced. It is not, perhaps, that he loves the task of revivifying industry less, but that he loves the support of his Left Wing colleagues and his Cobdenite chastity more. The victims of his pogrom will hardly appreciate the importance of these fine shades of emotional incentive in their official executioner.

Mr. Snowden bids us remember that it is only from trade and commerce that the national revenue can be derived. It is a profound commonplace: a truism which cannot be too fervently reiterated. By his increases in direct taxation he has added to the burdens of trade and commerce, and has encouraged and ensured a withdrawal of capital from both. By his refusal to continue Safeguarding Duties and his promise to end

the Silk and McKenna Duties at a date yet to be revealed, he has exposed certain sections of industry to uncertainty and augmented competition in the home market. He has refrained from asking the small taxpayer to contribute a direct quota to the revenue he needs on the emotional plea that such a taxpayer cannot afford the personal deprivations such a contribution would mean, but he has been at pains to jeopardize in a variety of indirect ways that small taxpayer's livelihood. He has unsettled the money market, and he has, up to the time when this article is being written, said nothing of the impending conversion scheme which the opportunities of the time make desirable and for which the Stock Market waits. Willingly or reluctantly, he has become the instrument by means of which the falling incidence of taxation has been reversed, and the returning industrial optimism of the nation has been damped. He has wrought these ills in the names of Socialism and Free Trade, but he has neither placated the extreme members of the Socialist party nor fully satisfied the hopes of his fellow Free Traders. He has opened his second Budget, he has dispersed his evils among us, and at the bottom of the box one hope remains. He thinks that next year he may have no need to impose further increases of taxation. That hope, if the present Government retains office, must surely be falsified. His revenue expectations, on the basis of the last year's taxation, have been unduly optimistic. The effects of the present Budget, and the lavish programme which the Administration cherishes, will together tend still further to decrease the yield.

Mr. Snowden himself is a statesman of great gifts. His career has been such as to inspire anyone who has closely followed it, whether in agreement with the causes he has espoused or in antagonism to them. His services to the State have earned him more than once the temporary adulation of his fellow-citizens of all classes and opinions. But his second tenure of the Exchequer has not added to his political stature; and his second Budget has already been generally damned with the faint praise that it is not as bad as it might have been. To the Chancellor himself, one suspects, there could be no more galling comment.

Democracy and the Budget

By a Member of Parliament

TWELVE years after the end of the war, when most of the great nations who fought in it, and who are industrial competitors of this country, are reducing their taxation, a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer has laid a fresh burden of 34 millions this year, rising to 44 next year, upon the backs of the taxpayers.

The folly of this course, and its inevitable results upon industry and employment were dealt with by many Opposition speakers during the Budget debate in the House of Commons, and it is not the purpose of this article to repeat the arguments, for in the mind of the writer a far greater issue is raised, and that is the continued existence of Democracy, as we know it, in this country.

Mr. Maxton in the course of his speech during the debate used these words: "The Party of which I have been a member [the Socialist party] went to the country and argued that the surplus wealth, which was in the hands of the few, should be transferred into the pockets of the suffering poor, and from there to pass over the counters into the shops of this country, and so stimulate and develop trade." It is refreshing to get this honest admission of a fact, already known to anyone with a practical knowledge of modern politics, that, however the intellectuals and ideologues of the Socialist Party try to confuse and conceal the issue, the appeal of that Party on the platform is to the cupidity of the masses of the electorate.

It is extraordinary how many people seem to find a justification for political Socialism in the teachings of Christianity. The Gospels set before mankind an entirely new set of values in which worldly goods or the absence of them play an unimportant part, except in so far as their possession ministers to selfishness, or their absence engenders covetousness. Nothing could be further from the mind of Christ than the almost exclusive occupation of Socialism with the attempt to redistribute material wealth.

It is surely time that those who have the good of

the country at heart should face the issue before it is too late. The issue is this. The Parliamentary system under a complete democracy is powerless to stop the bankruptcy of the State. All parties are involved in the orgy of spending because the vast majority of the electorate, their appetite whetted by pensions and doles, have ceased to have any other political interest. The House of Commons is rapidly degenerating into a super-Board of Guardians, and debates upon great issues of Foreign or Imperial policy are of rare occurrence.

Yet the dangers of our present economic position are urgent. The Maxton School, which is supported by Mr. E. F. Wise, appears to be oblivious of two important facts. First, that in order to feed our population and supply our industries with raw material we must do our shopping abroad to the tune of many hundreds of millions annually. Unless we can pay for these necessaries by selling our goods overseas in competition with other countries, and rendering services which the world needs, he 45 millions of people in these islands cannot be supported. It is a gigantic task for a country such as ours, with comparatively few natural resources, and it has been performed hitherto by the skill of our workmen, the enterprise and organizing ability of the leaders of industry, banking and commerce, backed by the accumulated savings of past generations. If the capital needed to keep our industries up to date and efficient is to be taken by the tax-gatherer; if enterprise is to be discouraged by extortionate demands upon its fruits; if the skill of our workmen is to be sapped by doles and unemployment, the outlook for the masses of the people of this country is not merely sombre, it is hopeless. The second fallacy in the Maxton theory is this. There is no guarantee whatever under our present fiscal system that purchasing power transferred into the pockets of the masses will give employment to our own people. On the contrary, it will only increase the adverse balance of trade, turn exchanges against us, and increase the cost of living. Greater consumption without a corresponding increase of production can only intensify the difficulties of a country dependent upon its ability to export.

These facts about the economic situation of this country are so simple and yet so vital that one sometimes wonders whether it is stupidity or deliberate malice which makes Socialist politicians ignore them. The writer is inclined to believe that the enemies of our existing social system know full well that the course they are encouraging this country to pursue can only lead to an economic and social disaster which will provide the opportunity for which they are hoping to take advantage.

Meanwhile the taxpayers of the country are entirely unorganized. They need to lose their self-consciousness and to make a stand, not for themselves as taxpayers, but as trustees of the prosperity of their country, and for the sake of the uninformed masses who are being deceived by the false prophets of Socialism. Parliament came into being to protect the taxpayer against the exactions of the executive represented in those days by the Monarch. The grant of revenue was made contingent on the redress of grievances. To-day, Parliament has itself become the spender-in-chief, and the taxpayer is bled by the very people whom he sends to the House of Commons to represent him. Members of Parliament must purchase votes, and now that our democracy is based upon representation without taxation, the votes of the non-taxed majority are purchased at the expense of the tax-paying minority. But the minority who pay, if organized, would be in a very strong position without resorting to unconstitutional methods.

The direct taxpayers should form their own assembly elected by themselves on a democratic basis and on non-party lines. Its concern would simply be to convey to Parliament, as Parliament used at one time to convey to the executive, how much they can find for Parliament to spend. The parties could still fight about the disposal of the funds, but no Chancellor of the Exchequer would dare to challenge the considered view of a well-organized, well-informed and determined assembly representing, say, one million direct taxpayers. Such action would be misrepresented, but those who were bold enough to take it could do so with a clear conscience, and would save the country from a disaster which nothing else can avert.

The Political Situation

By Lt.-Col. Cuthbert Headlam, D.S.O.

THE political situation in Great Britain to-day is one of unusual interest and complexity. Seldom in the past has there been such uncertainty as to the duration of a Parliament and probably never has it been more difficult to prophesy what would be the result of an appeal to the country. During the first two months of the year it seemed not unlikely that a dissolution might take place at an early date, but since then the very uncertainty of the position appears to have bred among the leaders of all three political parties grave misgivings as to the expediency of risking a General Election at a moment when no party could be sure of deriving from it any definite advantage.

This desire to postpone the ending of what is admittedly an unsatisfactory political situation—for the Government of the country by a minority in the House of Commons is not in consonance with British political tradition—is natural enough so far as the Socialists and Liberals are concerned. Both these parties have much to lose, and one of them at any rate would seem to have little to gain, as the result of an early appeal to the country. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George may be forgiven, therefore, as astute party politicians for wishing to preserve for as long as possible a nicely balanced adjustment of interests which gives to each of them the maximum of power with the minimum of responsibility. But it is somewhat disconcerting to find that under the cover of a wise and far-seeing statesmanship a desire to prolong the existence of the Government is also entertained by certain sections of the Conservative Party and Press, for such an attitude of mind not only seems to argue a singular lack of insight into the true working of our political system but is also calculated to give the country as a whole an entirely false impression of the intensity of Conservative opposition to the doctrines of Socialism both at home and abroad.

Mr. MacDonald, when he came into office in the early summer of last year was probably more relieved than disappointed to find himself at the head of a minority Government. Without a majority of his own he could not

fairly be held to task by his followers if he failed to carry out his extravagant promises so lavishly given before and during the General Election, whilst as Prime Minister he was once again in a position to carry on the task of bringing peace to a troubled world—a task for which he considers himself especially designed by Providence. In his political rather than in his humanitarian capacity, however, the Socialist leader no doubt hoped that after the achievement of some spectacular success in his foreign policy he might be able to go to the country at a moment when his credit was at its highest and so succeed in obtaining an independent majority. Now that the glamour cast over the Socialist Government during their first months of office, mainly by the Rothermere Press, has been dissipated and no conspicuous diplomatic success has been achieved; now that the much advertised Naval Conference has come to an end without the accomplishment of more than might have been expected had any other political party been in charge of the negotiations; now that it has been made clear that the Government are barren of any constructive policy for the improvement of trade and industry and the reduction of unemployment—it is obviously wiser tactically for the Prime Minister to cling to office in the hope that something may turn up to improve his position rather than to appeal at once to the people for a real majority. He may well consider that trade is so bad now that some kind of revival may reasonably be expected in the near future and that this may bring down the unemployment figures which have risen so alarmingly since his Government came into office. Meanwhile, he can still continue to soothe his disappointed adherents throughout the country by assuring them that he is still in favour of the reconstruction of Society on approved Socialist lines, and is only prevented from carrying out his Election pledges in their entirety because his Party is in a minority in the House of Commons; he can point, too, to the increased doles for which his Government are already responsible as a proof that he and his colleagues are endeavouring to carry out the full Socialist programme by instalments. Such assurances will, of course, not satisfy the extremists, but they are plausible enough to keep the bulk of the Socialists together for a time, and, with the assistance of Mr. Lloyd

George and his friends, the Government are practically safe from defeat in Parliament even in the unlikely event of a genuine revolt on the part of a section of their followers.

To the Liberal Party an early dissolution in existing circumstances would probably spell irremediable disaster. At the last General Election the financial resources and political ingenuity of Mr. Lloyd George were utilized to the utmost and the results, so far as the Liberals themselves were concerned, were extremely disappointing. By dividing what is known as the "Constitutional vote" they succeeded in putting the Socialists into office, but they discovered the unwelcome truth that the electorate in the industrial areas much preferred the genuine Socialist programme to the spurious edition of it decked out in Liberal colours. There is no reason to suppose that the attitude of the working-class population towards the Liberal Party has changed during the past year, and Mr. Lloyd George is far too old a hand at electioneering to do anything to bring about an appeal to the country until he considers that his position is stronger than it is to-day. He can only strengthen it by arriving at some kind of an understanding with the more moderate of the Socialists, and an opportunity for such an understanding has been given to him by the Conservatives. The declaration by Mr. Baldwin that when he is returned to power he will extend the safeguarding duties and will develop a more effective system of preference between this country and the Dominions and Colonies, and the active campaign that is now being conducted for a closer economic union within the Empire and a general tariff, have undoubtedly restored the vitality of the surviving exponents of old-fashioned Liberalism to whom even the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George is preferable to any further departure from the anti-Imperial and economic doctrines of the Manchester School. Despite the Conservative leader's definite assurance that a tax on foodstuffs will not form part of his electoral programme, the "dear food" cry is certain to be raised at the next General Election and some kind of concordat between the Socialists and the Liberals may well be the result. Whether such a concordat would lead to an actual union between the two parties is a more doubtful matter. To judge from the votes cast

by the Liberal members in the present House of Commons, the obstacle to such a fusion should not come from Mr. Lloyd George's supporters, the majority of whom appear quite ready to throw in their lot with the Socialists, and it would be rash to prophesy that Mr. Lloyd George himself might not be willing to join a party led by such moderate-minded men as Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas, if only a sufficiently attractive offer were made to him. The present Chairman of the Liberal Parliamentary Party must realize well enough that there is no likelihood of his being returned to power as the leader of a Liberal Party with an independent majority, and that his one chance of regaining office is as a member of a coalition Socialist-Liberal Government. But however ready Mr. Lloyd George and his followers may be, in the sacred cause of Free Trade, to combine openly with the Socialists, opposition to any such alliance would most likely come from the Socialist rank and file, even though their own leaders might desire it. Anyone who is familiar with the feelings of the Socialist Party generally toward Mr. Lloyd George is aware that neither the old-fashioned trade unionists nor the extremists led by Mr. Maxton would welcome his intrusion into a Socialist Cabinet. A definite coalition between the Liberals and the Socialists, therefore, is an extremely remote contingency; but, nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel, having it in their minds, may decide to adopt the rôle played by Lord Hartington and Joseph Chamberlain in the early days of the Home Rule controversy, when these two statesmen and their friends broke away from Mr. Gladstone's leadership and, while outwardly keeping themselves to themselves in the most respectable manner, yet effectively supported Lord Salisbury's Government for a time and, later on, joined forces with the Conservatives.

Although any closer *rapprochement* than the present between the Liberals and the Socialists is unlikely during the existence of the present Parliament, it would appear that Conservatives must count upon a more or less friendly alliance between the other two political parties at the next General Election.

While such an entente would undoubtedly ensure a very strenuous fight, it might well have the effect of clearing the political atmosphere. In this country, from

the date of the departure of the Irish Nationalist Party until the appearance of Mr. Lloyd George as the leader of a new Liberal Party, we have been spared the evils which are apparently inevitable in any elected legislative assembly in which there are more than two political parties. With three parties represented in the House of Commons—especially should one of them hold the balance of power—there is endless opportunity for a complicated system of log-rolling and back-stairs agreements which give to tactics an exaggerated importance and thrust the great political issues into the background, with the result that political leaders cease to have a true sense of their responsibilities to the electors and no longer attempt to carry out the policies that they have advocated at the polls. The Liberal change of front over the Coal Bill is a striking example of the results that must be expected when once political parties lose their sense of responsibility and record their votes not in accordance with what they consider to be the merits or demerits of a particular measure, but with regard to the exigencies of the political manœuvres in which they happen to be engaged. The sooner, therefore, the people of this country can be made clearly to understand that voting for a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George is much the same thing as voting for a Socialist, the better it will be for our political morality.

At the last General Election the Liberal Party came forward as anti-Socialist, and thousands of votes were probably obtained by its candidates on that understanding. At the next General Election it is possible that, as a result of Mr. Lloyd George's tactics, many Liberals may feel that there is no room for three parties in our political system and will decide, therefore, either to throw in their lot as a moderating influence with the Socialists, or to join the Conservative Party which, to-day, represents to a great extent in its constitutional views the traditions of old-fashioned Liberalism.

While the Socialists and Liberals are thus mainly occupied in manœuvring for position, opinion in the Conservative Party as to the advantages or disadvantages of an early General Election appears to be much divided. A section of the Party is anxious to fight again with the least possible delay, but there is also a strong body of opinion which is opposed to anything being done to precipitate a General Election or, indeed, to embarrass

the Government in any way. This latter group naturally includes the more cautious, though not necessarily the more far-seeing, members of the Party, and also Conservatives who, disregarding what they describe as merely political motives, look upon the affairs of the nation with disinterested detachment.

The political tacticians argue that the wisest policy to-day is to give the Government plenty of rope with which they are sure to hang themselves. They consider that the Socialists' economic policy must lead to increased unemployment and trade depression, and that the inability of the Government to carry out their election promises must sooner or later disgust their supporters and bring about a split in the Socialist ranks. They point to the collapse of Mr. MacDonald's first administration as a proof of what may be expected to happen to his second administration if left to itself.

The arguments advanced by the "disinterested" Conservatives, mainly in the Press, in favour of doing nothing to embarrass the Government are based on wholly different grounds which are worth studying, for, if they were accepted, they might saddle the country with a Socialist Government for many years to come. The suggestion is that, as a Socialist party has clearly come to stay, it is for the common good that it should have its fair share of office and be allowed to benefit by the educative effects of administrative responsibility. It is further suggested, with a cynicism worthy of Machiavelli were it not so entirely unconscious, that foreign and imperial affairs of real difficulty and importance ought in the public interest to be entrusted to the very party which, if it were not in office, would inevitably indulge in unpatriotic and factious opposition. According to a recent leading article in the *Times*, "every far-sighted view of our imperial interests and hope of removing them from party controversy goes to show how important it is that a Labour Government and no other should have the handling of the great external problems which are crowding upon us this year—the Naval Conference, the Imperial Conference, Egypt, and, above all, India." While it is unfortunately true that the Socialists when in opposition can never be depended upon to act in co-operation with the Government of the day in matters of foreign policy affecting the national interests, it by no

means follows that, because they happen to be in office, they will necessarily arrive at a solution of an international or imperial problem that is in the best interests of the nation, or even that they will pay attention to criticism that may be directed against their preconceived ideas.

Mr. MacDonald, soon after he resumed the office of Prime Minister, in one of his more expansive moods, expressed a pious hope that all parties would co-operate in order to make Parliament a true "Council of State." But since then he has, by his reluctance to take the other parties into his confidence, and by his resentment at any kind of constructive criticism or advice, forfeited any claim he may have had upon the indulgence of his political opponents. To maintain that, apart from considerations of political expediency, it is of little importance which party is entrusted with the conduct of important international negotiations, since they all hold the same or similar views regarding our foreign and imperial interests, is to shut our eyes to obvious facts. The policy of the Conservative Party in such matters is in many ways radically opposed to that of the Socialists, whose outlook is admittedly international rather than national. The Conservative Party alone appears to have any constructive ideas for the consolidation and security of the Empire, and it would be a sign of political atrophy if its leaders were to stand aside and watch the Socialists committing the country to a policy of which they disapprove instead of seizing the first chance to put their own ideas into practice.

But quite apart from this matter of the actual conduct of foreign affairs, the education of the Socialist Party by administrative experience may be given at too costly a price. It has always been a sound tradition of British party Government, until the appearance of the Socialists as the official Opposition, that the Opposition should not embarrass the Government by factious criticism and obstruction regarding delicate negotiations with foreign powers while such negotiations were actually in progress. To argue from this that an Opposition should not attempt to defeat a Government on an important domestic issue so long as such negotiations remain unsettled simply because the supporters of the Government could not be depended upon to behave with discretion when in opposition, is to distort the principle of judicious for-

bearance into a policy of futile inactivity that might well put an end to the system of party Government as it has hitherto been understood in this country.

It is not surprising that neither the views of the tacticians, although there is much to be said for them from a purely party standpoint, nor those of the " disinterested " Conservatives, commend themselves to the keener spirits among the Conservative Party who are convinced that the present minority form of government is wholly bad, and that the sooner it can be ended, the better it will be for the country.

They point out that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues with Liberal assistance are now proceeding with their policy of " Socialism by instalments " and can effectually prevent any reorganization of our fiscal system to meet the pressing needs of the industrial situation, while their financial policy, as propounded by Mr. Snowden in his Budget speech, foreshadows no intention of any reduction of expenditure on the social services and merely points to a steady determination to make the poor richer by making the r ch poorer. They emphatically do not believe that it is the duty of the Conservative Party to retire into the background in order to allow the Socialists to educate themselves in the art of government at the public expense. The majority of those who hold these views, and who also disapprove of the foreign and imperial policy of the Government, are ready to face a General Election as soon as possible. They are confident that the Conservative programme with its policy of retrenchment, the safeguarding of industries, assistance to agriculture and a closer economic relationship within the Empire will commend itself to the bulk of the electorate, more especially in view of the failure of the Socialists to reduce expenditure or to revive the industrial life of the country. Nor are they filled with nervous alarm because there is a chance that the Socialist Government might be returned with an independent majority as the result of an appeal to the country. They feel, indeed, that until Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have been actually placed in a position in which they will be compelled to attempt the fulfilment of their impossible promises or to forfeit the confidence of their supporters, the futility of the Socialist programme as a means of giving work and a higher standard of living

will never be fully realized by the wage-earners of this country.

The Conservative Party is unfortunately not in a position to force an election, but both inside and outside Parliament its clear duty is to expose and to oppose the domestic policy of the Socialists, of which it disapproves, with the utmost vigour and determination; it must exercise also, with untiring vigilance, its full right of criticism on their conduct of foreign and imperial affairs. The safety, if not the continued existence, of the Empire is at stake both in Egypt and India to-day, and a careful watch must be maintained, therefore, over the policy of the Government with regard to both countries. There is no earthly reason why the Opposition should treat Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues with any special toleration because of their alleged inexperience as administrators and because their followers may be more anxious to put Socialist ideas into practice than they are themselves. The direction of the policy of the country for the time being is in the hands of the Government, and Parliament is responsible to the nation, not for the education of Ministers in their administrative duties, but for the safety and well-being of the Empire. No "disinterested" Conservative, however, need feel that he is doing anything against the rules of cricket if the life of the present minority administration is brought to an early close. The Socialists' hold over a large section of the community, unhappily, is too strong to suppose that they will not have their fair share of office in the future without the necessity for any self-restraint on the part of their political opponents. Since the war, Socialism in Great Britain has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The Conservative Party is the only political force that stands against it, and that force will have to put out its full and undivided strength at the next General Election if the battle is to be won. Victory will be achieved only if Conservatives are ready to shake off their habitual apathy and to work hard throughout the country to explain to the people the full implication of their policy, and can succeed in convincing their supporters that, if they are returned to power, they will conduct the government of the country on sound and well-established Conservative principles.

Empire Markets for British Steel

By E. T. Good

THE new British Steel Export Agency, in which nearly all our big manufacturers are pooling their resources, is a promising concern. Its first Empire effort, made in Canada last year, resulted in orders for many thousands of tons of steel products. Efforts in other Dominions and Colonies will probably yield good results. Without underrating the competition of foreign firms and syndicates in the Empire, or the competition of the various Dominion iron and steel enterprises, various points in favour of our steel may be mentioned. To begin with, the new agency, in conjunction with recent big amalgamations, is effecting certain economies. Improved salesmanship is being accomplished. More showrooms and stores will be opened to attract custom and to accommodate customers by having stocks on the spot, immediately available when wanted. In some cases credits may be granted on a more generous scale than individual firms have hitherto been able to afford. Again, orders secured can be allotted to the works which are best adapted for economical production of the particular goods to be supplied. And this is not all.

It is a mistake to think, as many do, that India, Australia, Canada and South Africa are shortly going to meet all their own wants in iron and steel because they have industries of their own. Ten and fifteen years ago it was asserted that those Dominions would very soon make all the iron and steel products they required; would render themselves independent of imports; and that they would develop considerable export trades. As a matter of fact, separately and in the bulk, they have imported more since they founded industries of their own than they did before. Actually, the consumptive demands are increasing rather more rapidly than productive capacities in the Dominions.

India is our biggest overseas market. When modern blastfurnaces and steel works were erected in India before the war, and again when they were extended

during the war, we were invited to believe that the Great Dependency would soon cease to import and would soon develop into a big exporter of iron and steel. We were invited to consider the great iron ore reserves, the cheap mining labour, and the equally cheap labour that would be available for the iron and steel works. But other factors were overlooked. As I tried to explain at the time, neither the labour nor the climate of India was suitable for hot and heavy forge and furnace and rolling mill work; labour would be dear, and not cheap, per unit of output; the ore deposits were far away from the coal; transport charges would be heavy; the coal was not very suitable for coking; and India was not likely to become a producer of cheap iron or steel. So it is. With the single exception of one common grade of pig iron, India is not producing any cheap iron or steel. It was recently proved that the steel work for the frames for a railway coach cost £80 more to make in India than in Britain. The Indian industry has had substantial bounties on production and high protection from outside competition, but it has not been very successful, and in the last three or four years India has imported more iron, steel, and engineering goods than in any pre-war period—or in any period before she tried to develop a modern industry of her own. India is and must remain a very heavy importer, and our chances are greatly improved by the import tariff preference now granted for British products. Roughly, the tariffs are from 33 to 66 per cent. higher on foreign than on British steel products, and with vast railway and other steel-using schemes coming along the outlook for British steel in India is improving. It is good to know that our selling methods are being improved by the new Steel Export Agency.

South Africa started modern works several years ago, and we were told that with an abundance of rich ore and easily-mined coal manufacture would be very economical. I challenged that view. Since then the industry has been offered big bounties by the South African Government, and it has had substantial protection; but there has been no such thing as cheap production, and the output of iron and steel has not been

sufficient to meet one fourth of the local requirements. South Africa's imports have increased and they will go on increasing, without a doubt. Skilled labour is very scarce and dear; the climate is not good for hot work; the minerals are not very conveniently deposited; the gradients on the railways are such that cheap transport is out of the question; and the works, of necessity, have to be far removed from many of the consuming centres because of the situation of the ore and coal mines. Our chances are improved in South Africa by reason of the recent remarkable failures in quality of foreign steel, steel products and engineering goods. The failures have really been serious, whereas the quality of British steel and its products is above suspicion.

Australia started iron and steel works, private and Government; but it has been found that in spite of all possible efforts to make the goods at an economic cost, steel and its products can be imported from Britain—cost, shipping freightage, and import tariff combined—from 15s. to £2 a ton cheaper than Australian costs of production. By means of high protection Australia is determined to maintain a steel industry for special services, or emergencies—for munition making in case of war, for instance—but the Commonwealth is bound to remain a heavy importer of most kinds of iron and steel, and with better marketing, plus the fiscal preference for our goods, our steel trade opportunities are improving.

In Canada lies, probably, our biggest steel trade opportunity. Canada has a steel industry of her own, but her costs are high, and she is not in the least likely to cease to be a big importer. She is importing over 200 million dollars' worth of foreign iron and steel, plus tens of millions' worth of engineering goods, a year. She is importing more than before the war, and more than she did before she had steel works of her own. Consumption is increasing more than production. Our chances in Canada are improved by several factors. One factor is the high cost of production and transport in the United States as regards heavy goods. All American raw materials and finished products have to be carried enormous overland distances. Our goods have only to stand the cost of very short rail hauls and of low sea

freights. Ordinary steel bars are £1 a ton dearer at the works, far inland, in America than they are quoted at the ship's side in Britain. Then, to carry American goods overland, from United States works to Canadian cities, costs 100 per cent. more than to carry corresponding goods from Britain to Canada. Besides this advantage in costs, our goods can enter Canada under lower tariffs than are charged on American products. Moreover, the Canadians are revising their tariffs with a view to a further process of penalizing American and favouring British goods. Our new Steel Export Agency secured orders for many thousands of tons of steel to be supplied to the Dominion when it sent its first trade delegation out last summer. With our prices lower than those of America, our freights lower, and with our tariff preference, we shall undoubtedly develop a big trade with Canada, now that our people are laying themselves out to roll and shape their products to Dominion ideas, and to keep stocks in the Canadian cities so that customers may have prompt delivery.

Foch and Clemenceau

By Brigadier-General J. H. Morgan, K.C.

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On January 12, 1925—the date, as will presently appear, is of some importance—at an official dinner-party in Paris, given by General Nollet, then Minister of War, at the Ministère de la Guerre, Marshal Foch discussed with the present writer that turbulent output of war "memoirs," apologetic, recriminating, vainglorious, which even then was raising such a confusion of tongues as has not been heard since the Day of Pentecost. The Marshal told me that he was engaged in writing his own reminiscences of the mighty events in which he had played so supreme a part. "Well," was his interlocutor's reply, "when you publish your Memoirs, *mon Maréchal*, we shall get the exact truth." "Perhaps," was the answer, "but the truth is too *crude* (*cru*) to be told while my contemporaries are still alive . . . *I* shall never publish them." More than two years later—in May, 1927—the Marshal told me that the Memoirs were finished, and to a question about publication he returned the same answer, and for the same reason, as before. Yet he was a poor man, his pay having fallen, owing to the depreciation of the franc, to the equivalent of a bare £400 a year. I happened to know from another source—Foch himself would have been the last to reveal it—that he had been offered a fortune, £50,000 to be exact, by an enterprising American firm, if he would deliver up his manuscript for publication, but he unhesitatingly refused it. Even his last will and testament forbade his executors to enrich his estate by such publication, and ten years at least will probably elapse before those Memoirs, so priceless in more senses than one, will see the light of common day.

So much it seems necessary to make public in view of the appearance of Clemenceau's book.* That book, according to the author, was provoked by what he regarded as a kind of vicarious attack by the Marshal upon himself in the shape of another book, published on the very morrow of the Marshal's death, by M. Raymond Recouly.† Clemenceau, in words charged with that

* "Grandeur and Misery of Victory." By Georges Clemenceau. Harrap 21s.

† "Le Mémorial de Foch, Mes entretiens avec le Maréchal. (Paris, 1929).

biting irony of which he was so great a master, chose to regard M. Recouly's book as an inspired attack upon himself. As a matter of fact, only a very few pages of M. Recouly's book dealt with Clemenceau, and one phrase in it, to which the latter takes strong exception — namely "*grave désaccord avec Clemenceau*" — is not to be found in the text at all but only in the "Table" of Contents. And although one must accept M. Recouly's word for it that "the text" — the whole text? — was "read and approved" (*lu et approuvé*") by the Marshal, it nowhere appears from the preface that he was prepared to sanction its publication; or rather, what is equally important, the Marshal, shortly before his death, actually objected, according to M. Recouly's own admission, to its publication. For that publication, therefore, M. Recouly must take, as, indeed, he expressly takes, the sole responsibility. What the Marshal misgiving felt about the premature publication of "revelations" I have every reason to know. In 1924, soon after my resignation of my appointment as Senior British Officer in command of the Effectives Sub-Commission of the Inter-Allied Control Commission in Berlin, he urged me to write the history of that unique, and all too ineffective, experiment in the disarmament of the greatest military Power of modern times. At the same time he offered to write an introductory chapter. Collaboration followed. As each chapter was written, it was submitted to the Marshal's approval—and approved. He placed at my disposal certain MS. notes of his own on the Rhineland question. Letters passed between us and many an interlocutory discussion ensued. And so on. In 1927 the work was practically finished, and offers from publishers were not wanting. But here, also, the Marshal felt that the secret history of German "disarmament" from 1920 to 1927 was also a little too "*cru*" for publication at a time when the British, French and German Governments had "come together," for better or for worse, over "Locarno"—even though he had no illusions about that political sedative as only too likely to prove a dangerous opiate. And I could not doubt that the Marshal's advice to me was wise. Therefore the book, and all the Marshal had to say about it, was never published.

M. Recouly took a different view of his own relations

with the Marshal and rushed into print the moment after his death. The result is Clemenceau's terrific *riposte*. Some of its shafts against Foch, in particular the innuendo that, in the stray conversations recorded by M. Recouly, the Marshal was seeking "revenge" upon Clemenceau with a view to "pelting" him after his death with "roadside pebbles" from the safe angle of a window hung with the blinds of mourning, are as unjustified as they were unprovoked. Foch was, most emphatically, not that sort of man. His interest—such as it was—in M. Recouly's literary ministrations and solicitations was in the warnings he wished to convey as to the dangers looming upon the horizon of European peace. Foch, who was one of the noblest men it has ever been my good fortune to know, was quite incapable of malice. Clemenceau, on the other hand, had spent his whole life in making himself a master of the art, so useful, if not indispensable, to a politician, of stabbing the arteries of every opponent with whom he differed. But Foch!—of him and his passing one may most truly say what was said of that great soldier, Turenne, whom he most resembled—"*Il est mort aujourd'hui un homme qui faisait l'honneur a l'homme.*

Paradoxically enough, the most important, that is to say, the least personal, chapters of Clemenceau's book are aimed at delivering just the same warnings about the future of European peace as those conveyed in the book of M. Recouly, which is the object of his attack. In other words, Foch and Clemenceau, in these posthumous utterances of theirs, are "in death not divided." It would be a great mistake to exaggerate the personal element in Clemenceau's book. And all the greater mistake because it may lead the general public to ignore it as a mere *livre de circonstance* which to-day is and to-morrow will be not. Whereas it is, as a matter of fact, far and away the most brilliant, the most profound, and the most durable of all the books on the statesmanship of the War and the "Peace" which have yet been produced or are likely ever to be produced.

This great book is, indeed, the only work of genius—using that much abused word in its most economical sense—that the war has yet given us. A great book but not a big book. It is no bigger than another book of not dissimilar character, the great classic of Renaissance

statecraft, to wit "The Prince" of Machiavelli. The comparison may seem extravagant but time will, I believe, justify it. The profundity of its thought is only matched by the perfection of its style. Mr. Winston Churchill's "World Crisis," which has been hailed in some quarters, with some plausibility, as a work of "genius," is, in comparison with such a book as this, merely a rhetorical narrative, exhibiting, it is true, a certain measure of political wisdom, but that sort of wisdom which is little better than *sagesse d'escalier*. But in Clemenceau's book there is not a line of rhetoric, not a hint of straining after meretricious effects. Each sentence seems, as was said of the great Florentine, to be written with the point of a stiletto. Always and everywhere one encounters the *mot juste*, the one inevitable word, and there is never a word too much. So, too, the characterization of the actors, political and military, in the great drama of the Peace Conference, is at once so searching and so conclusive that History will be able to add nothing to it. It is, in fact, history itself, written by "an old, done man," as the writer, not without pathos, describes himself, brooding in solitude on the shores of the Atlantic, poised on the edge of Nature's dark abyss and left with nothing to hope and nothing to fear. Here, in the Stoic hermit of that tiny cottage, is no epicurean seeking to exploit his political experiences in the fat "royalties" of a "best seller." Here is no politician trying to "make good" a tarnished reputation or to "come back." Written *in articulo mortis*, it bears on the face of it all the authenticity, and nearly all the truth, of a dying deposition. And in these characterizations, there is hardly a trace of the malice which disfigures the pages devoted—one can hardly call them dedicated—to Foch. The words so aptly used by Morley about Machiavelli are no less apt to the style and temper of this book—"he uses few or none of our loud, easy words of praise or blame; he is not often sorry or glad; *he is seldom indignant and never surprised.*" He is far from being ungenerous, even to President Wilson, in spite of the deadly precision of the first stroke of his brush on the canvas of his portrait of the American idealogue—"later there comes on the scene President Wilson, armoured in his fourteen points, *symbolized in as many pointed wisdom teeth* that never let themselves be

turned aside from their "duty." To those who recall the President's constant display at the Conference of his dentures in a frozen smile without mirth, the sentence will convey at once the inimitable incisiveness of Clemenceau's style, which has the deadly duality of a two-handed sword. And of General Pershing, and the difficulties with him about the supreme command—"he owed it to *the romantic side of America's intervention* to form a self-contained American Army." That one word, "romantic," at once expresses, and suffices to express, the whole psychological difficulty, and it is characteristic of Clemenceau's marvellous economy of words that he leaves it at that. Within the compass of barely four pages (138–142) all the chief actors at the Peace Conference, from Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Wellington Koo, from Lord Robert Cecil to M. Benes, are characterized, alike in their personal idiosyncracies and their national peculiarities, with the pen of a Tacitus. And all of them are looked at, weighed, balanced, judged *sub specie aeternitatis*. The Conference is placed, in a few rapid strokes, against the background of history—against Munster, Vienna, Versailles and the diplomatic conventicles of far-off times which gave us the Peace of Westphalia, the Holy Alliance, the "Peace" of 1870. The limitations of political wisdom, its constant adulteration with human vanity, the friction of national character, the play of chance, the clash of wills, and the impositions which all these, and other not less permanent elements in human nature, impose upon the solution, at all times and in all ages, of every political problem, are here presented with a sagacity which is even as the counsel of Ahithophel, for the great Frenchman speaks as though he were an oracle of God. It recalls to my mind, as though the episode were but yesterday, my experience of an audience of "The Council of Four," when summoned before them to answer their interrogatories about a certain report of mine on the problem of enemy Prisoners of War. That report was outspoken to the point of audacity in its criticism of the abominable treatment of certain prisoners (they were not German) by a certain Allied Power (it was not France). The representative of the Power incriminated was there and eyed me with unmistakable ferocity. But the ironical amusement with which Clemenceau, who presided and gave me my cue, in turn eyed his em-

barrassed colleague, was significant. Under his beetling brows, his magnetic eyes, eyes sunk in a face yellow with age like an old parchment, were studying every flicker of the other's eyelids, every tell-tale muscle of the other's face, every simulation and every dissimulation of the other's voice. In the present book the results of that diagnosis, and of many another, are given to History, and by History they will be claimed.

Clemenceau is often unjust to Foch, although almost equally often he recognizes the undying greatness of the man. Even as in M. Recouly's book there is a passage, cited by the author as the *ipsissima verba* of Foch, which contains a splendid tribute to Clemenceau, so, curiously enough, there is more than one gesture of homage to Foch in Clemenceau's reply to that book. Clemenceau does no less than justice to Foch's majestic and dignified reserve of character when he says, "By nature he was not a great talker." Foch could be eloquent as a Gascon at times, though his eloquence was never verbose and he could say more with a gesture than many a man can manage to express in a torrent of words. Indeed, paradoxical though it sounds, he never was so eloquent as when on certain critical occasions he was silent. The greatest thoughts, as Renan says, are unspoken—which does not mean that they are uncommunicated. The differences between Foch and Clemenceau in the matter of the supreme command were really trivial and can be narrowed down to nothing more, and certainly nothing worse, than a division of opinion as to how far American national vanity should be humoured. As regards the terms of Peace, the differences—of which more in a moment—were, of course, much more serious, but they do honour to both men and were less a difference about ends than about means. And one of Clemenceau's criticisms of Foch is quite astonishingly ill-informed, trivial and irrelevant. Writing of the unpreparedness of France, at the beginning of the war, in the matter of machine-guns and heavy artillery, he says, "I have looked through Colonel Foch's work on the principles of war. I saw with utter dismay that there was *not a single word in it* [the italics are those of Clemenceau] on the question of armaments. A metaphysical treatise on war!"

But which "work" was it that Clemenceau so

perfunctorily "looked through"? Foch's classical expositions of the art and science of war—and there has been nothing to compare with them since Clausewitz—were contained in *two* works.* One of them contains a most carefully considered study of the effect of modern armaments, as exemplified in the Russo-Japanese War, upon the character and direction of operations, and predicts with the utmost accuracy the enormous extension in length and depth of the battle-line of the future. Foch, in giving me copies of each of these books, pointed with some pride to these anticipations, and the reader who takes the trouble to look at the new prefaces to the editions of 1918, and then studies the original text, will be quick to appreciate how pardonable that pride was.

The worst Clemenceau can say, with any show of justification, against Foch is that he was "insubordinate." The charge, although perfectly true in a sense, and a sense anything but dishonourable to Foch, who was standing out for the principle of security, is a trifle ludicrous. The same charge could have been made against Wellington and Nelson and, indeed, nearly every great commander who has had a civil government to serve. The plaint is, of course, the voice of "the civil power." It is the measure of Foch's difficulties. Foch, throughout the war, was faced, like Haig himself, with a supreme difficulty which their German protagonists, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, had never to encounter. They had to serve civilian Ministers, and if there is anything worse than a soldier-politician (which, most certainly, Foch, like the noble Haig, never was and never wished to be) it is a politician who imagines himself a strategist and interferes under that delusion with the plan and conduct of operations. Even at its best, the Allied strategy was, from the very nature of the mighty conflict, the strategy, in the last resort, of *civil* governments, for the Allied Governments were civilian and democratic. The German strategy was the strategy of a single *military* government and despotic, and, as such, was neither influenced nor disturbed by any "civil" considerations whatsoever. Moreover, Germany's military hegemony over her Allies was complete, whereas no one of the Allied Governments enjoyed any such ascendancy at all. Lord Haig's

* *De la Conduite de la Guerre* (first published in 1904) and *Des Principes de la Guerre* (first published in 1906).

troubles at the hands of Mr. Lloyd George, a political tactician who mistook his success as such as a divine revelation of the endowment of a military strategist, were notorious. But during the war, as distinct from the Armistice, there was "a marriage of true minds,"—enlivened, like all conjugal unions, but never seriously disturbed, by occasional passages of arms—between Foch and Clemenceau. And History will only remember that, to the glory of them both, they won. Reading Clemenceau's book, and recalling the now well-worn platitude that "the Great War" produced no such outstanding characters as the earlier catastrophes of History, I am inclined to adapt the words that Macaulay used of the English Restoration—"there were, indeed, in that age many men of talent but only two men of genius." Those two men in the greatest war of all time were Clemenceau and Foch. The chapters in the present book on the Peace Conference and on all that has followed it, and will follow it, would alone establish Clemenceau's reputation as being the only statesman at the Peace Conference, if the test of statesmanship is prediction. As for Foch, his military testament, when it comes to be published, will, I venture to think, silence for all time those, and they are already vocal, who attempt to disparage his military genius. It was proved—one would have thought beyond refutation—long before he was appointed to the Supreme Command. Of one of his operations General Gouraud, than whom there could be no greater authority, remarked recently to me that "it was a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of the art of war." The tribute was characteristically generous, but none the less just. Beyond the Rhine, I encountered an even more remarkable tribute, though perhaps a less disinterested one. In 1921, when serving on the Disarmament Commission in Berlin, I was the embarrassed recipient of certain representations by Ludendorff in person as to the urgent necessity, in the interests of what he called civilization, of a joint Anglo-Franco-German Expeditionary Force for the conquest and occupation of Bolshevist Russia. "Foch," declared the German war-god in his dethronement, "is the man to lead it and I would cheerfully place myself under his command." This dutiful tribute I conveyed to the Marshal in Paris. His observations thereon were trenchant.

It is quite impossible, within the limits of a short article, to criticize all, or even the main part, of what Clemenceau says about the Rhineland problem—which remains a problem. He does me the honour to quote in support of his argument certain judgments of my own on this and on the question, inextricably involved with it, of German "Disarmament." Into all that I have neither the space nor the inclination to enter. *Quieta non movere* is, for good or ill, now the rule among us all over here, and I have nothing to add to what I wrote in the pages of this REVIEW in 1925 and, more recently, in the columns of the *Times* of November 15 and December 14, 1928. Nor have I the time, or, indeed, the space, although I have the inclination, to explain, and, in explaining, largely to justify, the wisdom of Foch's views, by which I mean his views as modified by a recognition of the political objections to anything in the nature of annexation, as to the grave necessity of securing, in some way or another, a frontier of which a British Foreign Secretary himself wrote that the British Government of his day "regarded it as in a sense the frontier of Great Britain herself."* On this vexed question the honours, as between Clemenceau and Foch, are "easy." In these two posthumous utterances—always assuming that in the one of them, namely M. Recouly's book, though the hands are Esau's, the voice is the authentic utterance of Jacob—Clemenceau says, in effect, to Foch, "You asked of me, at the Peace Conference, the impossible; I achieved the possible." Which is true. And Foch says, in substance, to Clemenceau, "You thought you achieved the possible, and all your possibilities have turned out wild improbabilities and have led nowhere." Which is also true. The Treaty of Mutual Guarantee, the real corner-stone of the Treaty of Versailles, is gone. The covenant, both express and implied, as to "security" in the Occupation Clauses has been abandoned. The disarmament clauses—in which, only too wisely, as it proved, Foch placed no great faith—were rendered almost inoperative from the start by a deliberate policy, on the part of the now notorious Coalition Government, of periodical obstruction to the work of disarmament and a corresponding encouragement to the "counter-control" of General von Seeckt, which is the most shameful thing in the record of that most

* Lord Curzon on January 26, 1922.

shameless of Governments. France was betrayed by the Coalition Government in 1921 by a policy of chicanery and Parliamentary mendacity of which the English public has yet to learn the disgraceful truth. This is the real *fons et origo mali* of nearly all the trouble in Anglo-French relations, and heavy will be the eventual responsibility of our political *fainéants*. As early as April, 1920, France learnt from a certain German Government "Note," the text of which has never been published, that Germany, "Socialist" though her Government and her "Minister of Defence" then were, was determined not to disarm. It was then that, in desperation, she sought to build up a series of defensive alliances with the Succession States. To accuse her, under such circumstances, of "militarism" and "Imperialism" is, as Lord Crewe, not exactly a "militarist," said a few days before he quitted his embassy in Paris, a calumny, and a calumny which can only escape being called foolish by being stigmatized as knavish, for it is either a conception born of ignorance or, if not ignorant, of mendacity.

Often in his little room, austere as his own lofty soul, in the Boulevard des Invalides, has it been my fortune to sit and discuss these sinister things with the Marshal. He hated war, which had robbed him of all that was most dear, and it was because he hated war that he wished to secure peace. Yet never once did I hear him utter one word of bitterness or reproach against our agile politicians. Of the most fatuous Foreign Secretary this country has ever had to bear he did, indeed, convey a very poor opinion, but more by that mimicry of gesture of which he was such a master than by words. Catastrophic laughter is the only way of describing it. But that was a rare excursion. He was quite incapable of bitterness and almost every line that Madame de Sévigné wrote of the great Turenne could be applied, with equal felicity and equal truth, to Ferdinand Foch. In this respect Clemenceau's barbed shafts entirely miss their mark.

The last time I saw him—not very long before the end—he took me by the sleeve and, leading me to the only mural ornament of his room, a map of Europe, he put his finger on a certain spot and said, "*It will come there.*" And Clemenceau, it is clear, would have agreed with him.

Bureaucracy and "Social Services"

By Charles Tower

Fas est et ab hoste doceri

"It may be of interest to the thinking Englishman to see how the institutions, familiar to him at home, have developed on another soil and have borne entirely typical fruit there." So General von Seeckt introduces to English readers his remarkable study of the social, political and economic conditions of modern Germany.* If there were no more than this in his book, only a dispassionate study of developments in the republican Reich, it might commend itself to the comparatively small number of people in this country who have leisure and inclination to watch the affairs of their Continental neighbours with some intelligence and a reasonable understanding of their difficulties. But in fact the book is much more. It is a cool, almost detached examination of many problems which in one way or another are in reality common to both countries and of which some, for example the development of the power of the bureaucracy and the rapid extension of the system of social services, can be almost more profitably studied in Germany because they are there of older stock and more mature growth. General von Seeckt's name is probably only known to most English readers of the news of the day through vague reports which reached them first of his activities as Commander-in-chief of the *Reichswehr*, the post-war German Army, and later, seven years ago, of his appointment as Dictator for the whole of Germany. Some may, perhaps, remember that his work in those days of doubt and difficulty was quiet, firm and efficient. He became known as the "strong and silent man" of post-war Germany, just as during the war he had earned the nickname of the "Sphinx with the Eyeglass." But to English readers, at any rate, he now appears, probably, in an unfamiliar rôle as a philosophical statesman with a shrewdly critical power of observation and at the same

* "The Future of the German Empire." By General von Seeckt. Authorized Translation by Oakley Williams. Thornton Butterworth. 8s. 6d.

time a constructive turn of mind. It is impossible here to follow his analysis of and judgment upon all the many phenomena to which he calls attention. It is necessary to select a few of which the general characteristics are, as I have suggested, fairly familiar already to English people. Germany, before the war, and, in Germany, Prussia *par excellence*, was generally regarded as about the best example of a country run in the main by a cheap and efficient bureaucracy. Those who saw the country during and immediately after the disorders which followed the Armistice will probably recall numerous instances in which the machine continued to function in spite of overwhelming difficulties, increasing "sabotage," and apparently impossible confusion. There was, in those days, a virtue some of us had perhaps not recognized before the war in the guiding principle of the bureaucracy, "*Vorschriftsmässig*"—according to code. Since the war there has been, admittedly, an increase of officialdom out of all proportion to the needs of the machine. Other reasons apart, that fact results from the tendency more and more to expand the functions of the State. General von Seeckt sets out very plainly the disease and its cure. "There is a lot of talk nowadays about a simplification and reduction of Government machinery, but the proposals are, for the most part, not founded on an understanding of the duties of the State and do not inquire whether restriction ought not to begin with the latter. . . . If the State confines itself to laying down general lines, to supervising, to conciliating, and to lending a helping hand . . . a lot of functions, with their concomitant expenditure of money and energy are at once wiped out. Unfortunately, developments of late years have taken precisely the opposite course. The State has imposed ever-increasing duties on itself in the mistaken view that it ought itself to work for the welfare of its citizens, whereas its function is to take steps to enable them to reach this standard of welfare by their own exertions, and then to watch over and protect them in this state of prosperity. The ever-increasing number of laws and orders leads to a constant expansion of the machinery for the *supervision of supervisors*." The results of this increase of the bureaucracy soon become unpleasantly apparent. "The fact that the

Civil Servant, as a rule, never even sees the fruits of his labours . . . in itself segregates him from workaday life. He becomes almost dangerous when a superfluity of 'proper authorities' and over-centralization continue to increase. . . . There arises an atrophied and lymphatic bureaucracy, functioning for its own sake . . . at pains to find its justification in the observance and enforcement of self-dictated laws and orders." This condition of affairs, says the writer, is bad enough when it merely obstructs the productive work of others, but it is wholly mischievous when the State believes that it can entrust productive work to a bureaucracy of this type. But if excessive bureaucratization is bad enough on its own account, it becomes an even graver danger when the Civil Service is subjected to political influences.

"It seems to be in the nature of things that a State should prefer convinced supporters of the State for its immediate servants, but there is a danger of mistaking the State for the State form, *and even more, the party for the State.*" Von Seeckt says that party-appointments nowadays are defended on the ground that they were not unknown even under the old regime. And he answers that the test of the old system was made and its efficiency seen "in the unruffled way in which the old-time Civil Servant continued to carry out his duties during the revolution." He sees Civil Servants being appointed in Prussia to positions regarded as of especial political importance and warns his countrymen that the only result will be to destroy their efficiency. I cannot resist quoting here a relevant passage from Mr. J. D. Gregory's book, "On the Edge of Diplomacy."

> We have not yet, of course, had the experience of a Labour Government in power with an independent majority; but if and when that happens, we have every reason to anticipate a definite "reform" which can but have the effect of increasing still further the power of the politician at the expense of the permanent official. If Mr. Arthur Ponsonby or Mr. E. F. Wise, who have decided ideas on the subject, ever get loose on the organization, then God help the Service."

Closely associated with the Civil Service in von Seeckt's account of the modern German State-machinery is the German Parliamentary system and the so-called "government by the people." He observes bluntly that,

" if power emanates from the people, the latter, none the less, is incapable of wielding it." He examines the thesis that Parliament does and should represent " the people's will " and concludes that it is only true in a very broad sense. " There is no such thing as a people's will in every several question of legislation and government, little as it can and ought to be denied to it in the great, fateful issues." The nation, as a whole, " is too busy to trouble its head about political problems and prefers, when all is said and done, to be well governed, no matter by whom or under what form." For this very reason, General von Seeckt disbelieves in the value of the referendum as a regular institution. It will very rarely reflect any actual " will of the people." If the habit grows of submitting all important questions to direct plebiscite, it will " certainly make a clean sweep of Parliament as a governing body " without really reflecting the will of the people. The point seems worthy of some attention in this country at the present moment.

I turn now to General von Seeckt's analysis of another noticeable tendency, whereof we also have increasing experience, toward social services. " The State's services in the social field," he remarks, " are certainly not a luxury, but it surely is manifest that a State, free in times of prosperous markets to expand its social services, must restrict them in times of distress." In the social domain, as in many others, the State calls for sacrifices. Von Seeckt urges that it should also call, when circumstances demand, for " the sacrifice of restraint." The greater the demand on the State for direct aid, the greater is really its failure, since " the more successful it is in making promising and appropriate openings for self-help . . . the fewer the claims that will be made on its direct aid. The real social problem is to render the latter redundant by raising the general level of well-being, brought about by the work of the citizens themselves. The citizen should not have to look to the State for his welfare but the State lives on the welfare of the citizens . . . The citizen does not in an official capacity administer the property of the State, but the State official safeguards the citizen's property. Not a charity State, not a State of pensioners, not a State of officials, but a State of citizens working

in freedom." Could the "law of liberty" be better stated?

Perhaps I may conclude this necessarily inadequate attempt to indicate the interest throughout of General von Seeckt's book with his epigrammatic summary of his observations of popular reaction to political theories, not excluding Bolshevism. Their danger lies in their becoming not so much practical experiments as fanatical dogmas, because "the masses do not think, but believe."

The Passing of Islam in Turkey

By Capt. C. D. Brunton

Of the many changes which the re-awakening of the East has brought about since the war none has been more unprecedented and complete than that which has taken place in Turkey. The former realm of the Ottoman Sultan, Commander of the Faithful and Khalif of Islam, has become a Republic, and has renounced its ancient and seemingly indissoluble allegiance to the religion of the Prophet. Government, religion, laws, customs and dress have all been changed within little more than seven years. We may well ask ourselves how such a revolution has come about.

The former Ottoman Empire was the bulwark of Islam. It was the only important independent Mohammedan state and as such commanded the respect and goodwill of all Moslems. The Sultan, as Khalif of Islam, exerted an imponderable but nevertheless real influence in world politics. The upheaval of the war and Turkey's part therein did much to shake the confidence of Moslems in the Khalif's government and to weaken his authority, but Indian Mohammedans nevertheless exerted great influence in favour of Turkey during the peace negotiations. Although shorn of much of its prestige, the Khalifat still appeared to be a political asset of some importance. This was recognized by the Grand National Assembly, and when on November 1, 1922, it deposed Sultan Mohammed VI, the second article of the new Constitutional Charter then voted stated that :

> The Khalifat will continue to be exercised by the House of Osman, but the Assembly will choose a prince whose moral qualities, talents and conduct will make him worthy of that choice. The Turkish Government will be the principal bulwark of the Khalifat.

But although the Khalifat was preserved, the first step had been taken in the separation between the spiritual and temporal powers of the state, for henceforth the latter were to be exercised exclusively by the Grand National Assembly. The cultured and artistic Prince Abdel Mijid was chosen to fill the office of Khalif, now

reduced, however, to a pale shadow of its former greatness.

A year later, on October 29, 1923, the National Assembly proclaimed the Turkish Republic. With the loss of practically all of the non-Turkish provinces of the former Ottoman Empire, Turkey had become a homogeneous entity. The idea of a purely national basis for the State, as opposed to the old theocratic conception, had been gaining ground ever since the "Turanian Policy" of the Young Turks, and it was now definitely adopted by the reformers. They professed to see in the continuance of the Khalifat a focus point for reactionary movements, and this far outweighed, in their estimation, the advantages to be gained from the prestige it could give them in the Moslem world. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had doubtless already envisaged the ultimate abolition of the Khalifat, but however that may be and whatever the extent of his belief in its being a centre for reactionary and foreign intrigue, he took a decisive step on March 1, 1924, by demanding its suppression before the Grand National Assembly. The Premier, Ismet Pasha, speaking in support of the President's demand, said that they could no longer regard the Khalifat as something superior to the government. The good-will and sympathies of Moslems were attracted to Turkey rather by admiration for the efforts of the Turkish people than by their possession of the Khalifat. In order to remove an undesirable dualism from their foreign and domestic policy, the Khalifat, he insisted, must be abolished. The step proposed was indeed revolutionary, but the National Assembly did not shrink from taking it. The emotion caused throughout the Moslem world was considerable, though less than it would have been had the Arab schism not already confused Moslem sentiment on the Khalifat question. The Indian Khalifat Committee received the news with consternation, and proposed to send a delegation to discuss the position with the Turkish authorities. They met with a rebuff, however, for they were politely but firmly informed that the Turkish Government would permit no interference in its internal affairs. The reformers at Angora had opened a wide breach between their government and Islam. The

trend of their policy was already evident when in the previous month the National Assembly abolished the time-honoured Moslem rite of calling to prayer from the minarets, on the pretext that sick persons were disturbed by it.

In the following September, on the anniversary of the Turkish victory over the invading Greek army near Afioun Karahissar in 1922, a monument was unveiled to the Turkish Unknown Soldier. On this occasion Mustafa Kemal Pasha made a speech in which he justified his policy and hinted at further reforms in store.

> The ideal of the nation is to become a civilized community. History provides abundant examples to prove that nations which are incapable of civilization always lose their liberty. Those who do not march forward, who stop or look back, are inevitably swallowed up in the rising flood of civilization. Times and conditions change, and in an age when the discoveries of science are transforming the whole universe it is no longer possible to remain clinging to out-worn ideas. We must discard all prejudice. All obstacles in the way of national development must be overcome.

In the Turkish costume, Mustafa Kemal saw one of hose obstacles in the way of national development, and he decided that only with the adoption of European dress, including the hat, could the Turks appear on an equal footing with Western peoples. But its adoption presented a difficulty, for, since a Moslem prays with covered head and touches the ground with his forehead, any form of headgear with a brim was unsuitable for him. Moreover, strict Moslems considered it undignified and almost indecent for a man to be bare-headed. The turban and fez had come to be considered outward and visible signs of a follower of the Prophet, and a hat symbolical of something foreign, incompatible with, and even hostile to, Islam. Nevertheless, in September 1925, the adoption of the hat was decreed for all save the *ulema* (theological professors) who were permitted to retain the turban. Civil servants were ordered to work bare-headed in their offices and to remain so in the presence of their superiors. Salutations were to be made, as in Europe, by raising the hat, or by a bow when hatless, and the graceful old Turkish salute was thus superseded. This revolutionary measure of dress reform profoundly shocked

Moslem sentiment and outraged ancient custom and tradition. On November 26, Nour-ed-Deen Pasha, deputy for Broussa and one of the victorious generals of Turkey's fight for independence, tabled a motion in the National Assembly declaring that the compulsory wearing of the hat was a violation of Article 103 of the Constitution on the subject of individual liberty. The Government, however, refused to consider the motion on the ground that the obligation to adopt the headgear worn by all civilized people was not an infringement of the article in question. Serious disturbances broke out at Sivas, Erzeroum, Rizeh, Marash and elsewhere against the compulsory wearing of the hat. The Government, believing that these insurrectionary outbreaks were symptoms of an organized reactionary movement, took severe measures to crush them, and the Tribunal of Independence sentenced some eighteen persons to death before the anti-hat agitation was suppressed.

The abolition of the veil caused the Turkish reformers less trouble. Already in 1923 Mustafa Kemal Pasha had declared that the time had come for the Turkish woman to discard the veil, to educate and emancipate herself, and to continue for the good of the nation the co-operation with men she began during the war. In December 1924 the Governor of Constantinople abolished the curtains and other partitions which shut off places specially reserved for women only, in theatres, ferry-steamers and trams. At a meeting at Ineboli in 1925 Mustafa Kemal, referring to women covering the face, said, " It is high time that such absurdities ceased and that we behaved like all other civilized peoples." Women took his words to heart, and thereafter he was everywhere received by women unveiled. Four months later, at the first reception offered by the President to the Diplomatic Corps at Angora, all the Turkish ladies present discarded their veils at a given moment as a sign of final emancipation from an ancient custom.

During the Fast of Ramadan in 1925, and for the first time probably in the history of a Moslem state, all civil servants were obliged to put in a full day's work. On December 27 in the same year the National Assembly voted the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar to replace

the Moslem lunar calendar. Both measures struck at the established Islamic tradition.

In the Ottoman Empire the personal status of the individual, his marriage, divorce, inheritance, etc., were regulated by the Shari' Code of Laws based upon the Koran. For example, the Koran (ch. IV, verse 4) permits a man to marry up to four wives (though counselling him to take but one). That permission of polygamy, together with the recognition of concubinage, the marriage of girls at an immature age, the facility of divorce, the wearing of the veil and the seclusion of women were all factors in the decadence of Islamic peoples. Moslems themselves have long recognized this, and monogamy has been the general rule for many years among educated men. Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the reformers were agreed that the Koranic laws were no longer suitable for a modern community, and a committee was appointed to study European legal systems and report as to which would be most suitable for Turkey. The modern Swiss Code, which dates only from 1912, was finally chosen. When the measure embodying the adoption of the new system came before the National Assembly, the discussion of numerous amendments threatened to postpone indefinitely the application of the law. The Government consequently decided that no alterations would be accepted and that the Code must be adopted in its entirety. The measure was voted unanimously by the National Assembly on February 17, 1926, and came into force on October 4. The application of the new system brought about some novel situations. For example, in March 1927, the banns of marriage between a Turkish lady and an Italian gentleman were published in Pera. Hitherto Islamic law had prohibited under pain of death the marriage of a Moslem woman with a non-Moslem man, though the converse was permitted. In August 1927 a decree was published authorizing all Turks who had attained their majority to adopt whatever religion they may choose—an innovation directly opposed to the principles of Islam.

Following the adoption of the Swiss Code, the National Assembly passed a law in April 1926 making the use of the Turkish language compulsory for all purposes. This

measure necessitated a translation of the Koran. Hitherto Moslems of all nations had used the holy book in Arabic from fear of corrupting the original sacred text. Another blow at Islamic tradition was dealt by Kemal Pasha on May 30 in an address to the students of the Broussa Art School, when he denounced the Koranic ban on the depicting of living creatures.

> Formerly men adored idols and that is why our religion prohibited the representation of living beings. But times have changed. The hour has come for us to recognize that. Nothing in this country now stands in the way of drawing, painting and sculpture. We no longer accept a religion which neglects the Fine Arts.

In earnest of his words the President has encouraged the erection of statues, and his own appears both in Angora and in Constantinople.

Having gone so far in his policy of eliminating Islam from the State, Kemal Pasha pushed on to the logical conclusion, and, on April 9, 1928, the National Assembly voted the final severance of the Moslem religion from the Turkish constitution. This necessitated the suppression of the paragraph in Article 2 of the Charter, which stated that Islam was the national religion. Religious teaching in schools was abolished, and the educational institutions of foreign missions were obliged to conform to the law. The religious neutrality of the State also simplified the problem of minorities, and put an end to the old Turkish policy of grouping nationalities according to religion, a policy which, as Renan truly remarked, " a causé la ruine de l'Orient."

Such is a brief outline of the changes affecting religion in Turkey. The break with the past has been accomplished with but little violent resistance, for the serious Kurdish rising of February, 1925, was in part due to other than purely religious causes. Western observers and students of Islam have been astonished by the comparatively little opposition these revolutionary measures have aroused among the Turks, who were so generally reputed to be conservative and strongly attached to Moslem traditions. Two questions, therefore, inevitably formulate themselves in our minds :—

1. How have such sweeping changes been so easily accepted by the Turkish people?

2. Will these innovations survive Kemal Pasha and the present regime, and what will be their permanent effect on the Moslem faith in Turkey?

In answering the first question we must take account of the military qualities of discipline and loyalty to a trusted commander which the Turkish people possess. In Kemal Pasha they have found a leader of strong personality, clear vision and invincible will, who has led them out of defeat, humiliation and the menace of national extinction to victory, independence and a future of hope. Because of their confidence in him they are prepared to accept the measures which he prescribes for them. And if Kemal Pasha and the reformers have, by somewhat hasty methods, relegated Islam to the background of Turkish life, they were, perhaps, but little in advance of the spirit of the age stirring in the nation. The young men and women of Turkey to-day are inspired by a strong determination to advance along the same path of modern science and education as the civilized nations of the West. They may not renounce Islam, but they do not regard it as their forefathers did. They seek new interpretations of its laws and traditions, for they no longer accept those which hinder their progress, or conflict with modern science and civilization.

It must also be remembered that the present Turkish Government, in spite of the revolutionary changes in religion which it has carried out, cannot justly be accused of an anti-religious policy. Religion has its rights and is protected. In 1927 a well-known Turkish woman journalist was condemned to a term of imprisonment because of an article in which, following the example of Lenin, she stigmatized religion as an opium which poisons nations. There is no religious persecution as in Soviet Russia. The faithful can still pray publicly and freely, though, on account of dress reform, they now accomplish the rite with bare head or wearing caps with the peak turned to the back.

The answer to the second question is necessarily somewhat hypothetical; but the Turkish people have suffered too much during the life-time of men still in early middle-age for them to cherish any genuine desire for a return to the past. The younger people especially

realize that great changes were necessary and inevitable, if the nation was to survive. They are no longer prepared to accept all the tenets and traditions of an ancient creed as an infallible code for the regulation of all mundane affairs. Islam, according to its ability to adapt itself to the conditions of the new era, will doubtless continue to minister to the spiritual needs of the Turkish people, but it has ceased to be their social system.

There is no indication that a reactionary movement would meet with the slightest success, and it seems improbable that a change in the present regime, or even the loss of Kemal Pasha himself, would seriously alter the present trend of events. We cannot escape from the impression that a fundamental change, and no mere superficial transformation, has taken place in Turkey.

And, however much Western onlookers may regret the passing of a great deal that was venerable and full of charm in Turkish life, we cannot deny the wisdom of adapting the people to the exigencies of the civilization of to-day, nor the truth of Kemal Pasha's words "Nations which persist in a mediæval mentality are condemned to disappear."

Child-Marriages in India

By C. F. Strickland

THE lamentable consequences of premature marriages in India have in recent years received much attention from progressive Indian thinkers, and an agitation, stimulated to some extent by sensational publications but for the most part spontaneous and genuine, has been carried on with a view to the removal or mitigation of the evil. The census statistics, quoted by the Age of Consent Committee which reported to the Indian Government in June last, are sufficiently alarming. According to the census of 1921, there were 218,000 married girls and 15,000 widows aged four or less in that year, 2,000,000 wives and 100,000 widows under ten, and 6,300,000 wives and 280,000 widows under fifteen. In other words, 9,000,000 girls had been married, and 400,000 of these were already widows at the age of fourteen or less. Indian customs render it highly improbable that many of the widows will find another husband, and the prospect before them is at best dreary; it may be utterly miserable. Including widows, it is estimated that 50 per cent. of Indian girls are married before they reach fifteen. The trouble affects Hindus somewhat more than Muslims, but of the Indian communities the Christians alone show a considerably higher marriage age. Some improvement is revealed by a comparison with the census figures of earlier decades, but the situation as above described leaves no room for complacency or inaction. While certain of the higher castes, especially those in which educated men demand educated life-companions, now permit or encourage the postponement of marriage to years of discretion, the tendency of low castes is to imitate those immediately above them and one such witness before the Committee referred to difficulty in finding a husband for a daughter of 5 years, on the ground that she was already too old! Conditional betrothals have been known to be made before the birth of one or both of the parties, and the marriage ceremony is, as the figures indicate, often performed in infancy.

Indian opinion is now awake, and except when irritated by exaggerations, is not inclined to deny or minimize the absurdity of the practice. Women in particular have in the last ten years become active and enthusiastic on behalf of social reforms, especially those which concern

their own sex, and women's conferences throughout the country have demanded both the fixing of a minimum marriage age and the raising of the age of consent within and without the married state. It will be realized that in a land of early marriages the relations of husbands and their girl-wives raise a special problem which does not exist in Western countries. There has hitherto been no marriage law in India, except for Europeans and a few special classes or communities; the ceremony might be validly and legally performed at any time, but premature cohabitation was punishable under the Indian Penal Code. The British Government has always been reluctant to interfere in matters of domestic conduct, especially where, as in this question, the sanction of religious tradition, if not of specific injunction, was claimed for the popular custom. Legislation has therefore been very cautious. A minimum for marital relations was first set in 1860 at ten years; this was raised in 1891 to twelve, and in 1925 to thirteen, the minimum for extra-marital consent being one year higher, and despite the pressure of a section of advanced legislators, the official attitude remained adverse to a further enhancement. For this resistance there was good and substantial cause. While it is a matter of common knowledge, and not seriously disputed, that cohabitation before 13 years is quite common and may in certain circumstances take place even before the puberty of the girl, the relevant provisions of the Penal Code are seldom used, the prosecutions of husbands during 1925–6–7 numbering 29, 43 and 72, and the convictions only 3, 12 and 15. A legal prohibition which is generally ignored, and for the breach of which it is almost impossible to secure a conviction, is in itself of little value, and reduces the respect of the public for the legal system. The wider the gap between the legal minimum age and the customary practice, the less will the law be regarded, and until some means of enforcement can be discovered, further legislation on the same lines is useless. The parties and their accomplices will not give information, the feeling of the village or the urban group is predominantly on their side or indifferent, and investigation by the police will be bitterly resented. Doctors, too, are more anxious to cure the suffering girl, if injury or premature maternity has resulted, than to denounce the erring husband.

A new road of advance was therefore clearly needed, and in response to the demand of the Central Legislature and of women's associations, the Age of Consent Committee under Sir Moropant Joshi was appointed by the Indian Government in June, 1928, to review the position. After twelve months' inquiry they submitted a detailed report with numerous minutes of dissent. Their main proposals were that the age of consent for girls be raised to 15 years within the marital bond and 18 outside it; that marriages under 14 (girls) or 18 (boys) be illegal and punishable, but not void; and that an offence by a husband against his wife under 15 be called "marital misbehaviour" instead of rape, and subject to punishment varying with the age of the girl. No complaint of such an offence was, however, to be entertained by a Court later than one year after its commission. The opening and accurate maintenance of registers of births and marriages was also recommended, the entry of such events being compulsory. The committee thus proposed a step forward on the old road, by raising the age of consent, and, at the same time, an entirely new experiment in the form of a minimum marriage age. Examining the legal situation in other countries, they found that a marriage law was practically universal, though the limit of years varied somewhat widely. Unfortunately, a confusion of thought was allowed to slip in at this point. The age of consent which they tabulated for a number of European and American countries is that which applies to an offence against decency, and they were thus able to point to many examples—for instance, in the British Colonies and the United States of America—of a minimum of 16, 17 and 18. The minimum age of marriage, on the other hand, which they did not tabulate, is in many English-speaking countries governed by the old common* law rule of 14 (boys) and 12 (girls), and the age of consent for married persons is in these countries the age of marriage. In India the most urgent necessity is to protect

*Such was also the English law; though the normal age of marriage in England in 1929 was actually 24 and 23 for men and women respectively, occasional child-marriages are recorded, two girls being married at fourteen, 55 at fifteen, and 440 at sixteen years. This anachronism has now been removed by Lord Buckmaster's Act, fixing the minimum at 16 for both boys and girls. The few English instances are, in any case, not comparable with the Indian figure of 50 per cent. of girls married at 14 years or less.

married, rather than unmarried, girls, and the study of laws of extra-marital consent elsewhere apparently led the Committee to the impracticable suggestion of a year's interval between the wedding ceremony, when the girl was 14, and the consummation at 15. An interval of many years is naturally allowed when, as at present, the girl is an immature infant, but at 14 an Indian girl has ordinarily attained puberty, and if the ceremony is performed at that age, a postponement of cohabitation is, in practice, most unlikely. It is improbable that a restriction of this nature will be imposed and certainly undesirable.

The question of a higher age of consent presented greater complications than that of a marriage law, and in view of the general disregard of the existing provisions as to cohabitation, it appeared not only simpler but more effectual to prevent if possible the solemnization of the marriage itself than to attempt a raising of the consent-barrier. The Indian Government therefore promised official support to a short Bill, already pending in the Assembly, which prohibited the marriage ceremony in the case of a girl below 14 or a boy below 18 years. This measure, known from its initiator as the Sarda Bill, became law in October last. Under its terms the major persons responsible, through commission or omission, for a marriage of a child below the prescribed limit are liable to a fine of Rs. 1,000, and a male offender may also be sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The penalty is notably mild, in contrast with the long terms of imprisonment authorized by the consent (i.e. rape) law, even against a husband, and it is evidently intended, by this lenity, to win the support of the public, which was averse from invoking the severity of the Penal Code. The utmost precautions are also taken against abuse; a complaint may be heard only by a senior magistrate, and not later than a year after the performance of the illegal ceremony; and a complainant, unless for special reasons excused, is to execute a bond in Rs. 100 as a guarantee of his good faith. There is consequently no danger of false accusation or harassment, and little of blackmail. If, in fact, a marriage ceremony can be concealed—and in the absence of compulsory registration the concealment is quite feasible—for one year, no charge can afterwards be brought under this law. Cohabitation before the girl is 13 years old will still be a crime under

the Penal Code, but, as already stated, this section of the Code is honoured in the breach. The more long-sighted promoters of the Sarda Bill, including the Government, presumably regard it as an educative rather than a penal law, and rely for its effective enforcement on publicity and the action of voluntary bodies rather than the policeman and the gaoler.

In so far as enforcement is achieved, and boys under 18 and girls under 14 cease to be married, a large part of the battle will be won. Early marriages in the first place mean early maternity, and statistics of 7,300 confinements collected by Dr. Adisheshan in Madras hospitals show that the maternal mortality in that province falls sharply from 46 per thousand when the mother is under 15 years to 14 per thousand above the age of 25. The general death-rate of the 7,300 mothers was 18½ per thousand, to be compared with a figure of 4 in England, 6½* in the United States, and 3½ in Japan. Much of this loss can be prevented by a postponement of the marriage age, though contraception would do more; such a practice is, however, rare in India, and unwelcome to both the pious and the wanton. The protection of boys, too, must not be forgotten; married schoolboys lack vigour for lessons and for games, and an increasing number of educational institutions now bar married youths from attendance. Their exclusion from University examinations and from Government appointments would be even more influential, but this plan, which was considered by the committee, was held to be superfluous since early marriage itself was now to be prohibited. The committee's optimistic attitude perhaps covers a reluctance to put forward so unpopular a recommendation, which might antagonize the Universities and the educated part of the electorate. The boys themselves stand to gain from any regulation which will make their education easier and more real, and the same consideration applies with even more force to girls. The percentage of educated girls, except among the wealthier classes of the towns, is deplorably low, less than 1 per cent. being even literate at the 1921 census and only 1,600,000 being at school (10 per cent. of the girls of school age) in 1926. A married girl living with her husband has little opportunity to attend school, and parents are disinclined to insist on

* For the year 1927; the Consent Committee collated figures of 1920.

the teaching of one who is to be transferred to her husband's charge at the earliest possible moment. Educated Indian men have often to regret that they were yoked in infancy to an illiterate creature who can respond to none of their intellectual needs, and the supply of intelligent brides for those men who have not been so hampered is unequal to the demand. At the present stage the progress of India depends on nothing so essentially as on the progress of her women, and if the marriage law were to facilitate female education, apart from all relief of physical suffering, it would justify itself a hundred times.

The difficulties of enforcement are illustrated by the failure of those Indian States which have essayed to legislate in restraint of child-marriages. This attempt has been made by seven States, of which the most important are Indore, Baroda and Mysore. Those which fix a minimum for girls at 8 years (Mysore) or 12 (Kotah, Indore and Baroda) are applying a less rigorous test than the new law of British India; yet even they have met with very imperfect success. Baroda, which has for more than 20 years prohibited the marriage of a girl below 12* or a boy below 14, admits that more than one-third of the annual marriages in the State contravene the rule; offences have ranged for some years between 7,000 and 9,000 in a population of 2,000,000, and 6,376 penalties amounting to Rs.81,000 were imposed in 1928. The statistics show that the percentage of illegal ceremonies tends to rise. Yet in Baroda, as in five of the six other States, exemption from the law may be granted for sufficient reason, such as the old age of the parents, but applications† for exemption average only 6 or 7 per annum. The other parties simply ignore the law, and there is *prima facie* no reason to anticipate a happier state of affairs in British India.

The Indian States have dealt with another evil, to which the report of the Consent Committee makes little reference, and which does not fall within the scope of the Sarda Act, viz., the disparity of age. When, as occurred in 1929, an English husband over 70 marries a girl of 20,

* Now being raised to 14 (girls) and 18 (boys).

† The Gola caste, which may only perform marriages in one out of every thirteen years, presented over 300 applications in 1928, of which 200 were granted by the Courts.

the latter has usually some idea of what she is undertaking and is a free agent. An Indian girl of 14 or less, married to a middle-aged or even older man by the wish of her parents, is not a free agent, and is seldom capable of realizing the dull future before her. Several States have therefore forbidden a man over 45 or 50 to marry a girl under 12, 14 or 18 (or in one State, 22 !). How far this salutary order is carried out, does not appear from any of the State publications, but for lack of exact registration of births its effect is probably no more than admonitory.

The indifferent success of similar measures in the Indian States is sufficient evidence that in opposing a higher minimum age the Indian Government was not simply being obstructive or unenlightened. There is a tendency, not only in India, for legislative bodies to sigh with gratification when a generous law has been passed and to attend less closely to its subsequent execution. If the results are found to be less satisfactory than the promise, the executive may be accused of inertia or sabotage. The charge is not always true. The failure of the law may be due to its unsuitability in the circumstances. In India, for instance, it is hard to visualize a general application of the marriage restriction until births and marriages are registered. Outside the municipal areas, the system of registering marriages prevails only in a few localities, and is there optional and far from thorough. No staff of literate and trustworthy registrars at present exists; the literate population in the villages is scanty,* and the literate persons (e.g. shopkeepers and money-lenders) may be ill-adapted for official duty; the peasants, who perform their ceremonies in the villages, will not resort to an urban office for the purpose; and to create, instruct, and supervise a competent and upright staff of touring registrars will be prohibitively expensive. Births are recorded by a village watchman, very often illiterate, who reports himself each month in a police station with his register and there endeavours to make good its deficiencies. His memory and his entries are imperfect, and since it is not customary to name an Indian child until some weeks after its birth, a second

* This statement does not hold good in many parts of Burma, and is subject to local qualification elsewhere. But *rural* literacy in all India, including Burma, is only 4 per cent.

entry will be required if the record is to be of real value. Yet, clearly, without an exact record, the age of the child at marriage, and the date and fact of the marriage itself, can scarcely be ascertained for the satisfaction of a judicial court. The proposal to insert in the Sarda Act a provision for a registration system was rejected on the ground that under the Indian constitution registration falls within the sphere of the provincial governments, and that, since they must find the money, they must also devise their own schemes. It remains then for the local legislatures to solve the puzzle. Experimental registration has been carried on under rural authorities from time to time, but has never fully overcome the difficulties. It is of small value unless universal, and will not be universal unless compulsory; compulsion will be costly, not only because India is a vast country, but also because the opportunities for illegal profit by the touring staff will be abundant and they must be well paid in order to reduce their temptations. The provinces will no doubt approach the question in different ways, using the human material available to them, but it stands to reason that until births and marriages are accurately registered, the marriage law cannot effectively be enforced.

A suggestion was put forward during the discussions that the husband or his parents shall be under obligation to record the consummation of the marriage. The idea, which recalls the Jesuit government of early Paraguay, was perhaps not seriously intended.

If registration is confronted with the obstacle of staff, the second means of adding force to the law was rejected as being too severe for practical employment. In modern Turkey, where the age of marriage is 15 years for both sexes and in Egypt (18 for boys, 16 for girls) a marriage below the legal limit is void. In Baroda it is void if the girl is below the modest age of 8 (boys 12), but the Indian Government was not willing to take this extreme step which might, if non-compliance were widespread, revolutionize the distribution of landed property, since the children of illegally married parents could not succeed* to their father's farm. Such marriages have therefore been made punishable but valid. The more uncompromising reformers argue that if this consequence—

* The customary law of Indian peasants does not usually recognize a right to devolve agricultural land by will.

the disinheriting of sons—were made clear to the peasantry by a thorough campaign of publicity, they would obey the law at all costs. Under no circumstances would they risk the loss of the precious family acres to their children. There is much to be said for this view, and it may be possible to venture on an amendment when the new law is generally known and understood.

With regard to exemptions, a bolder line has been taken. No exemptions are to be allowed in British India, whether on the ground of the imminent death of a parent, the religious prohibition of marriages to certain castes during a prolonged cycle of years, or for any other* cause. Strenuous protests were made against such rigour, but when the lightness of the penalty for breach of the law is borne in mind, it is clear that in urgent cases the parties will be content to break the law and endure the punishment. The penalty is in fact so slight as scarcely to exercise a deterrent influence in any case, and its place must gradually be taken by that body of intelligent public opinion which, it is hoped, the law will help to consolidate.

The opponents of restriction have relied principally on the arguments that the measure interferes with religion, and that the morals of girls will be endangered. Considerable differences with regard to the interpretation of the ancient Sanskrit texts have appeared among Hindus, and the non-Hindu observer can only say that, where views are so widely divided, social and eugenic advantages should weight the balance in favour of reform. The older school still maintain that the marriage of girls before puberty, and consummation at puberty, are a pious duty, and their doctrine governs the popular practice, which time and patient teaching will be needed to correct. The adherents of Islam, on the other hand, amongst whom child-marriages are nearly, though not quite, as common as among Hindus, have developed a surprising hostility to the prohibition as an interference with the religious law of the Muslims. The texts quoted in support of this declaration are sometimes drawn from

* Exemption on the ground of pregnancy, as in some European countries, is seldom required in India, where marital cohabitation follows so closely after puberty. In England no such exception is allowed, on the different ground that children can be legitimized by the subsequent marriage of the parents.

the later commentators, while others are of uncertain application, and it is conceivable that the Muslim attitude is due partly to the fact that the Bill was brought forward by a Hindu and urged on the Government by advanced Hindu legislators. The Muslim agitation has taken the form of a few strikes and *hartals*, but will no doubt soon die away.

The objection on the score of a danger to morals is not so idle as might at first be supposed. The standard of rural morality in India is by no means low, if the heat of the climate and the primitive conditions of village life are taken into account. It may be doubted whether an English and an Indian village differ materially in such matters. But the influences in favour of sexual morality in the two countries are not identical. Youths and girls of an English village have received a certain minimum of education, whereby balance of character may be set up, and enjoy more opportunities of interest and diversion, few though they be, than are found in an Indian village. Early marriage has thus operated as a necessary protection to the Indian girl, whose lack of education and of social occupations might leave her unstable, and if henceforward she is not to live with her husband from the first moment of puberty, her life must be made fuller and her character strengthened. The pliability shown by kidnapped minor girls, who will often give entirely different evidence in Court, after restoration to their parents, from that which they gave when first brought before the magistrate in company with the kidnappers, is evidence of their undeveloped character, and if this weakness is to be removed, the character must be built up, not only by school education, but also by raising the whole level of village life. A rural movement of reconstruction is in train in many parts of India: Women's Institutes, Social Reform Associations, Rural Community Councils, and isolated societies in every province are at work, but cannot here be discussed. They are hampered, as is also the Government in its parallel activities, by deficiency of funds. Financial support, whether in the form of subscriptions to an association or of taxation by an elected legislature, will not be freely given until the public mind is everywhere awake, and the awakening depends in its turn on the provision of funds. Progress is consequently slow, though an encouraging

change is visible. No reform is more insistently demanded (by urban and enlightened citizens) than an increase of female education, but the villages have not kept pace with the towns. The supply of qualified women who will venture to teach in rural schools is only a fraction of the number which will be required, and it is by no means certain that girls' schools in the villages, if opened, will be attended. Compulsory education suggests itself as the obvious remedy, but for this, too, the teachers, even for boys, are inadequate, and not all villages are ready to submit to it. Taxation is involved to meet the cost, since no economy on the army or the pay of the civilian services will meet a tenth of the bill. Compulsory education for rural girls, as a general measure throughout India, is out of the question, until there is a new spirit in the villages, and a new understanding.

On this new spirit and understanding depends the success of the marriage law. By sending out its own servants as lecturers, with lantern slides, films, and demonstration lorries or trains, the State can make the restrictive order known to the peasant and to his wife. But not all servants of Government are natural lecturers, nor are their days so lightly occupied that they can devote a large amount of time to propaganda duties. The task, moreover, is not finished with publicity; there remains enforcement, and paradoxical though it may appear, this must be for the most part the work of private citizens. The police are busy in the repression of serious crime, and will greet with mirth an invitation to investigate the age of girl-brides. The complainant, in case of an offence, must ordinarily be non-official, and the only satisfactory agency will be a Social Reform Association, especially of women. In Oudh, Delhi, Hyderabad and Bombay, the need for rural propaganda has been stressed by women speakers at public meetings; each has incited the other to form an association and proceed to action and—in the end it is possible that some volunteers will be forthcoming. It is doubtful whether the activity will be equal to the speeches, but no Indian patriot will be entitled to higher praise than the educated woman who faces discomfort and detraction, tours in the countryside to denounce child-marriages and brings a criminal complaint against those who break the law. Words alone are useless. "The Sarda Bill," said the

Dowager Rani of Mandi, " will rank . . . with the stoppage of *sati*. Marriage in future will not be a mockery. It will cease to be the plaything of parents and grandparents in their dotage. It will regain its place as a sacrament . . ." Not a word of this will be true, and child-wives will be no whit better off than before, unless Indian women go out to the villages and untiringly preach.

The danger is that they may content themselves with pressing for further legislation. A registration law, if an honest agency can be found to execute it, will be helpful, but an ostentatious pushing up of the age of consent, marital or extra-marital, is waste of energy. A Bill of Sir Hari Singh Gour, now before the Indian Assembly, is directed towards raising the age of marital consent to fourteen, and extra-marital to sixteen years. The former provision deserves to be passed, bringing the Penal Code into accordance with the marriage law; the latter, though eminently right and desirable in itself, will be entirely without effect. The oldest profession in the world is not only followed by large numbers in India (there is, of course, no recognition of it by authority) but is often domestic and hereditary, and the task laid upon the police will be unsavoury and quite impossible. One of the objects of the proposed amendment is to abolish the vicious practice, chiefly prevalent in South India, of dedicating young girls to temples by a nominal marriage with the god, for the benefit of his male devotees, but an evil of this kind is best remedied by direct legislation on the subject. The number of defenders of such religious abominations is astonishingly large, and the process of arguing with and overcoming them is highly educative to the public. It is, however, much less laborious to pass a law, and leave to the unlucky executive the business of enforcement.

A Masterpiece in English Porcelain

By Oliver Warner

As distinct from that of many kinds of earthenware, the craft of porcelain is essentially an elegant one. Its highest purpose is to decorate. But in England particularly, the land of felicitous compromise, the various earthenware crafts have mingled their virtues well. In the hands of men of genius, of whom Wedgwood was only the most famous among many, native earthenware, transcending a certain coarseness, has long been a medium of beauty, of humour, and of historic commemoration, while porcelain, descending from lofty aspiration, has lent its beauty copiously to the common service.

Yet, from looking through the magnificent collections of ceramics to be seen in London, of which that at South Kensington is most noteworthy, there is no question that, as opposed to porcelain, it is the rougher earthenware which is best adapted to the national temper. The reason is perhaps that much earthenware has definite limits in its aspiration towards what may be called fine art, or pure beauty. It is a craft whose ideals are more capable of realization than those of porcelain; ideals which are, indeed, realized again and again by the masters of Leeds and of Staffordshire. English earthenware may indeed compare with most.

Porcelain, on the other hand, is by nature ambitious. Presenting a smooth, delicate and luminous surface, it affords decorative possibilities which are almost infinite. Crudity it abhors; but, as a medium of the finest miniature artistry, it is, with enamel and ivory, unrivalled. It is among the brightest of the crafts. Its colours remain unaffected by time, and the artist in porcelain has the assurance that, though his work may be broken and so perish, it cannot be harmed even by neglect.

In England, porcelain has not had a record of great

antiquity. 1750 was roughly the time when the more celebrated manufactories began work. Fashionable though English porcelain soon became, the history of the craft, decoratively and commercially, was always chequered. Indeed, of the factories existing, that of Worcester is almost the only one of the first importance whose career has been both celebrated and continuous. Like Bow and Chelsea and Derby, it began ambitiously; it made ceaseless experiments and had constant failures. For long it was as derivative in its decoration as the lesser factories at Bristol and Lowestoft and Liverpool. But, like its famous rivals, its experiments quickly became bolder and more successful, its colours improved to magnificence, and it was at length the equal in beauty of almost all the Continental work. Yet, in any large collection, though one may see numberless specimens of the great English wares of superb accomplishment, what is far rarer is to find a piece which, taken by itself, stamps itself immediately upon the mind as a masterpiece. So much is so good; so little lacks that one superlative touch. To discover such a piece is almost as exciting as to discover a painting by an old master.

II.

By the beginning of the 19th century, the making of porcelain (a particle now of that huge movement, the Industrial Revolution) had become very firmly established. "China" was more fashionable than it ever had been. Most of the earlier and costly mistakes in production had been overcome. As a result a number of works sprang up in various parts of the country, most of which, after a short, expensive and sometimes glorious career, gave way before financial embarrassment, competition, or the cessation of interest. Such was the manufactory on the Marquess of Rockingham's estate; such was the more modest Pinxton. Some of these firms merged with more flourishing concerns, as did Caughley and, later, Nantgarw and Swansea with Coalport. Nantgarw and Swansea are, however, of more than passing interest. (Both places it is true are Welsh, but their work is in the high tradition of English porcelain.)

Both manufactories, during their brief career, produced work of excellence.

It was in 1811 that William Billingsley and his son-in-law, Samuel Walker, established porcelain works at Nantgarw. One of them at least was a craftsman of high skill, and the manufactory was soon noted for a paste of unusual translucence. Three years later Billingsley moved to Lewis Dillwyn's works at Swansea, where he worked for three years. Dillwyn had become well known for a paste slightly tinged with green, known as "duck's-egg" paste. In 1817, Billingsley, leaving Swansea, returned to Nantgarw; two years later he joined the rising firm at Coalport. The Nantgarw factory, under William Weston Young, continued three more years; that at Swansea four or five. Both were ultimately merged into the Shropshire concern.

Billingsley and his colleagues had the advantage of producing their work at a time when English porcelain had already reached as near to perfection in actual manufacture as it was likely to attain, and when decorators of the first merit had long shown to what lovely use a translucent white background could be put. But he was no imitator, for besides his celebrated paste, he was among the greatest of those who, in eschewing the Oriental in his decoration, produced at least one masterpiece in the English manner.

Even the word "masterpiece" is capable in our language of some deviation in meaning from the absolute, and, upon a generous interpretation, English porcelain from every great factory has produced at least something in its history which may deserve it. But from Nantgarw came one piece of porcelain which thrills the senses as a work of art, which has that touch of genius, magic, what you will . . . . which is common to all works of supreme loveliness; one of those rare gems which cannot be remembered without the thrill of delight which greeted its first discovery.

This piece is No. 430 in the Herbert Allen Collection at South Kensington: in Room 139. Surrounded as it is by lovely porcelain from its own and more celebrated factories, it stands out from them in its perfection. Though this collection is most judiciously arranged

throughout, nothing is more happy than the placing of this piece in the very centre of its case, a focus for the eye, and the glory of its maker.

It is always easier to recognize a work of art than to discover and analyse its particular beauty, but since this piece is one little known to fame, some indication of its virtue may be useful. First is its entire simplicity of form, and its rightness of proportion. It is a small vessel, somewhat resembling a sauce-boat, standing upon a saucer. It is an ornament of a sort which was probably used by our ancestors to contain rose-leaves; its use, however, is immaterial, faultless in itself as it is. It has twin curved handles on each side, and these, with its acorn lid, are brightly painted in gold. This gold, mingled with tiny pale-pink roses, and its lovely form, are what first attract the eye, which then falls to the melting simplicity of the curved sides of the vessel, where the delicate rose-pink—displayed upon larger blossoms—melts, through a pale leaf-green into the purest white.

Part of the artist's genius in this piece consists of his contrast, flawlessly handled, between the rich top of the vessel and the simplicity of the sides, where colour is employed with great restraint against the translucency of the white paste. In its particular and general beauties it is completely satisfying, and it is felt, moreover, to be a product essentially of English genius. The roses are English roses; and the purity and naturalness of decoration answer some ideal, seldom expressed so well, which exists in the English mind. If nothing else of its work remained, by this piece alone Nantgarw would be justified.

III.

The vessel described was probably a late flower in its factory's history, for in Case K, in Room 140, also at South Kensington, there is a piece of Swansea which, in shape and in ambition, is its prototype. It is a simpler and less successful work, and depends not upon three colours alone, but upon varying shades of mauve, yellow and green. What gold there is, is less happily employed. In the same case, too, are other products of the Swansea

factory which in their naturalness and simplicity come near to an ideal of English porcelain. There is, for example (in Dillwyn's "duck's-egg" paste), a large plate, also decorated in simple colours, which is of eloquent beauty. Wild roses, bird's-eye, wild strawberries and cowslips adorn it, and the delicacy of the pinks and reds and blues and yellows shows again an anonymous colourist of genius.

Near it, upon another wall, stands a small case of Pinxton porcelain. Pinxton was a factory which, from the little known of it, aspired to express the national temper rather than a derivative or an elaborate splendour. Some simple pieces, in a paste coarser than those of Nantgarw or Swansea, edged with dark blue and decorated with tiny flowers are of a beauty not "too good for human nature's daily food," and show what might have been accomplished had fortune been kinder.

No one interested in English art in all its manifestations could fail to be proud of the best productions of the greater porcelain factories, but discoveries in plenty, of true excitement, are to be made not among them alone, but among the work of obscurer factories, whose disappearance is a thing to be truly deplored. Often (as in the pieces described), their work is more truly expressive of what is integral in the national temper than porcelain of higher celebrity.

"The Match Box"

By G. Beresford-Stooke

DENIS HARDEN and I arrived at the wayside station to find that we had half an hour to wait for a train to take us back to London. There was no comfort in the waiting room, but we sat there because it afforded some protection from the biting east wind which was scouring the platforms. We had been there only a few minutes when we were joined by a little man with a sandy beard and watery eyes. He passed the time of day with us, and, delving into the pockets of his rain coat, produced a pipe and tobacco. Having filled the pipe, he made a further exploration of his pockets, and, the search being unsuccessful, he turned to us.

"I wonder if either of you gentlemen could oblige me with a match?" he inquired.

"Certainly," said Denis, passing him a box.

The stranger lighted his pipe, and then pocketed the matches with the guileless air of a practised smoker.

"Thank you," exclaimed Denis, stretching out his hand. "My matches, I think."

"Of course, yes. How careless of me. I'm so sorry," he declared, restoring the stolen property. "It's such a very easy thing to do, isn't it? And yet, though you may not believe me, it's a thing I try to be very careful about."

"Yes?" queried Denis, polite but unconvinced.

"Yes!" repeated the stranger. "Whenever I see a box of matches I am reminded of how a friend of mine—but perhaps you would like to hear the whole story?"

"If you can divert our attention for a few minutes from the extreme discomfort of our immediate surroundings, you will have done us a service," said Denis.

"I will do my best," promised the stranger, and this is what he told us:—

My friend, John Henry Witherspoon, was one of the world's dreamers. By profession he was an architect; when he was not actually occupied with his profession,

he was an artist and poet. He lived in a world of his own, and it was only on rare occasions that he became aware of the existence of this material world in which so many of us are condemned to live and have our being.

It was on one of those occasions that he saw Merry O'Driscoll. I think she was the first girl he had really seen in his life. Many others must have passed before him at one time and another, but I doubt if he ever noticed them. In some ways, it was a pity that he ever noticed Merry O'Driscoll, for her personal charm was considerable, and he immediately fell in love with her. The pity of it lay in the fact that she did not fall in love with him.

Merry's idea of a Prince Charming was a large man with good red blood in his veins—what in these days is known, I believe, as a "he-man." John Henry's dreamy ways did not appeal to her at all. But John Henry was persistent. He bombarded her with proposals of marriage and her refusals had no more effect on him than rain on a duck. This one-sided courtship lasted, if I remember rightly, for about three years, at the end of which Merry accepted him. I fancy she did this only because she could find no other effective means of putting a stop to these everlasting proposals—though no doubt her attitude was also affected by the fact that the he-man of her dreams had failed to take shape.

And so they were married, and shortly afterwards John Henry went out to Singapore to design palaces for Chinese millionaires, and, of course, Merry went with him.

Merry was not expecting much out of marriage—marriage with John Henry, that is—but she found even less. John Henry lived in dreams, and hardly seemed to notice her existence for days at a time. I must admit, though, that when he did come to earth he was very affectionate—so much so that it was sometimes quite embarrassing for any third person who happened to be present. But occasional plums could not be expected to satisfy the appetite of a warm-blooded young Celt like Merry.

"Why," she exclaimed to me one day—for I, too,

was living in Singapore in those days—" he thinks more of that silver match-box than he does of me."

Of course I refused to agree with her, for, being very fond of them both, I was anxious to do what little I could to bring them together, but I was compelled to admit to myself that there was something in what she said. It was unfortunate that she chose the silver match-box as an example, for it happened to be John Henry's most cherished material possession. It was quite plain, and of no great value either from a pecuniary or from an artistic point of view. He had won it as a prize in some school sports in his early youth, and with the passing years it had come to assume first place amongst his personal Lares and Penates.

We are told that half a loaf is better than no bread. Merry's trouble was that she did not consider she was even getting half a loaf, and her Irish pride was such that, when a crumb did come her way, she scorned it—which was not the way to encourage crumbs. A more experienced woman by carefully gathering the crumbs would probably have finished by winning the whole loaf. But, of course, the root of the trouble was that Merry was not in love with John Henry.

There was a breach between them when they married, and this breach, instead of closing, was gradually widening to such an extent that it would soon be both irreparable and unbridgeable. This was how matters stood when Montague Ferris appeared on the scene. And in Montague Ferris, Merry saw the man of her dreams.

Of course she fell violently in love with him, almost at first sight. He was a fine figure of a man, good at games and universally popular. From an intellectual point of view he was decidedly dull. Being endowed with more brawn than brain, he was, like most of his kind, honest and straightforward. By no means a poodlefaker, he preferred, generally speaking, the society of men to that of women.

He was a civil engineer on the staff of a firm of building contractors with whom John Henry had business connections, and this explains how he swam into Merry's orbit.

In regard to women and their wiles, young Ferris was as innocent as a babe. Had it occurred to him for a moment that Merry was in love with him, he would have avoided the Witherspoon establishment just as you or I would avoid a hornet's nest. But as it was, the simple fellow only saw in her the wife of a business acquaintance who was disposed to be friendly. He found her society extremely congenial, for the simple reason that Merry took great pains to make it so.

There are those in Singapore who, when this affair is mentioned over gin pahits at the Tanglin Club, say harsh things about young Ferris, but I, who know the inner history of it all, am sorry for him. I could see perfectly well what the outcome would be, and I did all I could to avert it. I tried to tackle John Henry.

"Look here, my lad," said I, "you're going to have trouble if you don't look out."

"Trouble?" he inquired, in his usual absent-minded way—"Trouble? What d'you mean?"

"With Merry," I replied, shortly—"and young Ferris."

"I don't believe you," he declared. "You're a nasty, wicked-minded old man. You leave Merry alone. She's all right."

"Dammit!" I exploded, "Even if you're as blind as a bat, other people aren't. I tell you, it's the talk of Singapore."

"I'm not interested in the talk of Singapore," he replied, and returned to his drawing. I gave him up as being utterly hopeless. Later I endeavoured to tackle Merry herself.

"I'm old enough to be your father, Merry," I began. It was an exaggeration, but I hoped to flatter her.

"And what if you are?" she asked, looking me in the eyes as bold as brass. I think she guessed what was coming.

"Well," I continued, "you mustn't be angry with me if I ask you if it isn't about time you stopped playing with young Ferris."

"Must I not, indeed! May I ask what business it is of yours? And anyway I don't know what you're talking about at all!"

"You're playing with fire, my dear girl. Better stop before you get burnt," I insisted.

"'Tis you will get burnt if you're not careful," said she with a fine show of righteous indignation. "Any more of your nasty insinuations and I'll set the dog on you, for sure"—and she swept out of the room leaving me to grapple alone with unprofitable speculations of the future.

I suppose I ought to have attempted a word with young Ferris. But, as you can see, my physique is not of the strongest, and, had he misunderstood my motives, as he with his slow brain might very well have done—well, there might have been a regrettable incident which would have helped nobody and have left me physically the worse for wear. I thought better of it.

And so I was condemned to watch the unfolding of a drama whose climax I could foresee perfectly plainly. Young Ferris was always with Merry—playing tennis with her, dancing with her, and on Sunday mornings sitting alone with her in a corner of the Yacht Club verandah. And he was also continually in and out of the Witherspoon bungalow. The advent of the climax was, to my mind, considerably accelerated by a very small thing. John Henry lost his silver match-box! Undoubtedly some careless visitor had pocketed it in the same innocent, absent-minded way in which I appropriated your box of matches a few minutes ago. By the way, may I borrow them again? Thank you.

I don't know whether you have ever tried to live with a man who is afflicted with an artistic temperament. At the best of times it is not easy. Normally John Henry was quite harmless. His absence of mind was certainly trying at times, but one could get used to it. There was nothing vicious about it.

But the disappearance of the silver match-box seemed to release some spring within him, with the result that he became positively unbearable. There were moments when he qualified, with marks to spare, for certification as a lunatic, but unfortunately there was never a doctor handy when he was most wanted. He would obstinately refuse to see reason concerning the slightest incident of every-day life. He behaved in such

a way that the best of wives could have been forgiven for walking out of the house and leaving him to it. And Merry, so far as John Henry was concerned, was not the best of wives.

The climax took place one night at a dance. John Henry abhorred dances, and was only too glad that Merry had an escort in the shape of young Ferris. For the first two or three dances these two danced together; then for a couple of dances I could see no sign of them anywhere. But at the conclusion of the following interval I came upon them in the entrance hall. They were apparently returning from a cooling stroll in the open air —but there was a sparkle in Merry's eyes and an unusually fatuous look on young Ferris' face which told me that my worst fears were realized. The brawny man of little brain had at last succumbed to Merry's charms.

"Hello," I said, quite affably—for it was no use crying over spilt milk—"Have you been out for a stroll?"

"Oh, no," replied Merry sarcastically—"We've been for a swim in an aeroplane!"

Young Ferris giggled self-consciously. It seemed that I was not appreciated; so I kept out of their way for the rest of the evening. I wanted to do something, but I could think of nothing to do. To have approached John Henry in his present state of mind would only have made matters worse, I thought.

Again I must emphasize the fact that young Ferris deserved pity rather than opprobrious language. If he had only realized the position at the very beginning, before he himself had felt any affection for Merry, he could easily have removed himself from her society and thus avoided any entanglement. But realization of Merry's disposition towards him did not come until he, too, had contracted the disease, and by then it was too late. The fat was in the fire.

A day or two later I heard what at the time I thought was good news. Young Ferris was taking a trip home to England to attend to some business in London on behalf of his firm, and I hoped that in his absence Merry would see the error of her ways. But I in no way anticipated the bombshell which dropped in the midst of Singapore society—Merry went with him!

In due course I went round to see if I could give John

Henry some little assistance in the way of spiritual support in this adversity. I found him relapsed more deeply than ever in his dreams. He made no mention at all of Merry or young Ferris. One might have thought that he was unaware of what had happened, and, of course, the matter was of much too delicate a nature for me to be able to broach it. All I could do, therefore, was to sit with him, saying not a word, while he smoked furiously and stared with unseeing eyes at the middle distance. I know that he appreciated this help, little though it was, for, had he not done so, he would certainly have driven me out as he did other would-be sympathizers. During the following month or so, I spent quite a lot of my spare time in silent communion with John Henry.

But then it began to affect his work. I learnt that he would sit all day in his office just staring into space, and heeding not at all the clamours of the Chinese millionaires for their palaces. Finally his partners insisted on calling in a doctor, who diagnosed neurasthenia and prophesied a complete breakdown unless John Henry immediately took a holiday to Europe. John Henry acquiesced, but without displaying any interest in the affair. It happened that I myself was just about due for a trip home; so I volunteered to take him, and my offer was accepted with a "Do what you like but for Heaven's sake don't bother me" air by John Henry.

This attitude he maintained all the way home. I had to do everything for him. I took charge of his money and paid his bills. On more than one occasion I had to dress him to prevent him from appearing on deck in a bath towel. We travelled overland from Marseilles, and I had to look after his passport, get his baggage through the Customs, order his food—and there were times when I almost had to put it into his mouth for him. And the whole way I don't think I heard him deliver one single complete sentence.

When we arrived in London, I took him along to an hotel and established him in his room. I proposed to get into touch with his relatives the next day, but that first evening I thought I would try the experiment of taking him and dipping him, so to speak, in West End gaiety. For the purpose I chose a well-known grill room in Piccadilly.

By the time we got there the place was crowded, and we had to wait about ten minutes before we could get a table. When we actually did sit down, John Henry seemed to take no more interest in his surroundings than he had done on the voyage; but I looked around and appreciated the scene as only a man newly returned from exile can do.

Suddenly I had the shock of my life, for, only two tables away from us, were Merry and young Ferris! They had seen us and, judging from their expressions, their evening's enjoyment had been rudely interrupted thereby. John Henry had looked aimlessly in their direction, but, as usual, had seen nothing. I found myself faced with a problem. What was I to do? Try to draw John Henry's attention to them? If so, and I were successful, what effect would it have on him? Would he be violent? Would it turn his brain completely? I decided to leave it all in the hands of a Higher Power, and attempted to appreciate my grill.

Merry and young Ferris apparently decided to get away while the going was good. Without waiting to finish their food they were trying to attract the attention of the waiter in order to get their bill. Ferris, assuming a nonchalance which I'm certain he did not feel, produced a cigar and proceeded to light it. At that very moment John Henry looked up—and saw them. In a second, he was on his feet, and striding across to their table.

"Heaven help us," said I to myself.

"At last I've found you, you infernal scoundrel," roared John Henry. "You thief! What d'you mean by it?"

Young Ferris opened and shut his mouth helplessly. Words failed him. The situation was beyond him. He could, of course, have stood up and made mincemeat of John Henry with the greatest ease—but he was in the wrong, and he knew it. I have always maintained that Ferris was not bad. He was merely brainless.

There was a hush. All the people round, grateful for this unexpected and welcome addition to their evening's entertainment, were waiting breathless to see what would happen next. At last young Ferris found words. He glanced apologetically at Merry.

"I'm sorry," he replied to John Henry, "you're

quite right. I'll push off out of it." He rose from his chair, and was moving away.

"Come back, you poor fool," bellowed John Henry. "What d'you think I'm talking about? Give me back my match-box at once, dammit!"

I don't know who was the most surprised—Ferris, Merry or I, but Ferris recovered himself first.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, producing from his pocket John Henry's silver match-box. "Is it yours? I didn't know. I'm so sorry."

John Henry took the match-box, and then he became aware of Merry.

"Hello," he said—"What are you doing here?"

But poor Merry also was beyond speech. She was having an evening of surprises—some of them not very agreeable. She was also seeing a new John Henry—a John Henry with his feet firmly planted on earth—a virile John Henry.

"Are you my wife or are you not?" he shouted.

But Merry could only stare at him fascinated. Her ready Irish wit had deserted her in this crisis of crises. She nodded her head.

"Well then, come along," ordered John Henry, and she went. At that moment the *maître d'hôtel*, obviously scandalized to the very third stud of his spotless shirt-front, hurried up officiously—but John Henry gently but firmly pushed the shirt-front out of his way—and that was the last I saw of him and Merry. Where they went I don't know. After all, he was Merry's husband, not mine. I carried on with my grill.

A certain activity on the station platform, and a distant whistle, advised us of the imminent arrival of our train.

"Thank you very much for a most entertaining story," said Denis.

"Not at all," replied the stranger, politely. "Good-bye."

In the train Denis turned to me.

"Have you got a cigarette left?" he asked.

"I have—but you have the matches."

Denis felt in his pocket.

"Well I'm bothered!" he exclaimed. "That old man got away with them after all."

"Never mind," I said. "He earned them!"

The Galloway Dee and Pearls of Silence

By R. Hardy Syms

In that vast and remote hinterland north of the shores of Solway Firth and Wigtown Bay lies the Kells Range—The Rhinns of Kells—an eerie mountain chain extending from Loch Doon to The Black Water of Dee. Seen from the east, across the valley of the River Ken, it stands high and menacing, silhouetted against the western sky and ending promontory-like, or as the name "rhinn" may imply, like a nose.

The topographical analogy applying a rhinal appearance to these hills is not altogether apt or complete, although it can claim the sanction of many similar instances of scenic nomenclature invented of old by primitive peoples. The nose, a most preternatural nose, even that of a Colossus, is too trifling a feature with which to compare these impressive and massive highlands, stretching majestically with such purposeful and masterful strength across the land.

If comparison with the animal kingdom, or the monsters of mythology be admissible, then their gargantuan proportions more fittingly suggest a fore-leg and paw of a mighty crouching mastodon, crushing and dominating, or a super-Sphinx, grasping at the rich sheltered glens and fertile holms of The Glenkens.

Our super-Sphinx sleeps, "the sleep that is among the lonely hills," and a brooding silence reigns about her motionless limbs lying in heavy abandon athwart the land.

As if forced from the surcharged earth by the careless grip and overpowering pressure of the Titanic intrusion of granite and whinstone, run the peat-tinted waters of almost countless scurrying, tumbling burns, and the more undemonstrative, leisurely-flowing "lanes," which comprise the system of upland feeders of the rivers Ken and Dee.

In some instances the waters easily escape the clutch, and the burns dash away with exultant hilarity, taking

full and boisterous pleasure in their quickly-won freedom; others, the slow, timid and self-effacing "lanes," more closely entrapped, creep and turn surreptitiously, with furtive air, from loch to moss-hag and from moss-hag to loch, as if disguising movement, but escaping, while yet they may, the fate of Loch Dungeon held fast in the curve of a granite claw.

This fanciful description is of doubtful value as a guide to the scenery for the information of the stranger, but, although fault may be found with the suitability of the simile to a nose, it must have been in some such manner that the succeeding waves of early inhabitants of this country looked at the landscape, created place-names of high descriptive quality and value, weaving legends of intriguing and often terrifying interest and character.

In these primeval hills it is easy, and well, to carry the mind unhooded in readiness for a flight at imagery; few signs of the impatient handiwork of man obtrude to distract thought, and it is possible to be absolutely alone—an atom—in an expanse of pulsing silence, to experience an undefined fear, an unrelieved loneliness, a sense of insignificance and the full pressure of solitude.

Loneliness—the complete and sad loneliness of neglect, of unrecognition, of the waif, may come when jostled in a busy crowd, "for a crowd is not company," but it is in such a thrilling and awe-inspiring silence as is to be found face to face with unrestrained Nature in these Galloway fastnesses of the ancient Forest of Buchan that the impressive and satisfying quality can be enjoyed, as it were, privately.

Quietness holds sacred to silence the serene expanse of soberly-clad moor and swelling hill, a silence, intensified by minor incidental sounds of bickering burn or cry of the Whaup, which almost attains tangibility, "for there is a society in the deepest solitude," and space is filled with an all-pervading rhythmic throb. Borne on the sough of the wind is the choral clamour of many waters, first near, then far, swaying and echoing across an infinite arena like the continuous indelible echo of Time. The echo perhaps is that of a past people, for, although now depopulated in a manner both calamitous

and culpable, this neglected region, wind-swept and almost denuded of trees, rendered unprofitable, but not in itself barren, was once inhabited by numerous aboriginal and ancient populations, as those who know the lore and seek for evidences may yet find.

Silence and quietude are now amongst the rarest and most expensive things to obtain, though, indeed, they have always been highly valued. Isaac Disraeli said, "Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the parent of genius, in all ages solitude has been called for—has been flown to." And what harassed and noise-worn city-dweller would not envy those who have experienced the restful companionship of the Galloway hills?

> For solitude sometimes is best society
> And short retirement urges sweet return.

Tramping alone in these trackless highlands is not unattended by physical risk, especially to one unacquainted with the art and practice of moorcraft, and in spite of weather-saws, rapid and sudden changes of weather are inevitable on open moors at high altitudes. Old weather-saws applying to definite districts are ofttimes reliable enough in expressing the result of long extended observations of local meteorological events. Such a one runs:—

> When the wind blaws frae Doon to Dee,
> It's brawly buskit ye may be.
> But when it blaws frae Dee to Doon,
> Pit aff, pit aff yer braw new goun.

Accepting the dictum of this particularly localized saw, which signifies that in the Rhinns of Kells the weather is more likely to remain fair with any but a northing wind, I had set out cheered by the prospect of a fine day, for a long excursion into these fascinating hills, and after much rough walking and climbing had reached a remote and elevated spot amongst the moss-hags near the head-waters of the Black Water of Dee.

The Galloway Dee, or Black Water of Dee as it is called between the point where the Coran Lane joins the more joyous burn which brazenly dances out from Loch Dee, to its confluence with the southern end of Loch Ken, is of good repute as a salmon river. Typically swift running, yet constantly checked and foam-flecked by its rocky

curb, and by reason of the wide and precipitous area through which it flows, liable to sudden and violent spate, it is at all times an interesting, if garrulous, companion.

Not being a fisherman that day, the piscatorial attributes of the river did not concern me. I was wandering down the left bank of its turbulent brown-coloured waters engaged in bird-watching with the aid of my field-glasses. I had been resting, lying on my back, watching a pair of ravens arguing with a kestrel who seemed to have trespassed into their airy domain. After some exciting and marvellously clever aerial manœuvres, the kestrel, vastly superior on the wing, had retired with a screech of defiance, followed by the raucous croaks of disapproval and derision of the proprietors.

The high piping note of the oyster catcher on the wing then attracted me and I rose to follow. A pair of these neatly-habited birds, working solemnly and stiffly amongst the water-lapped shingle banks in search of their molluscoid food, held my attention for some time, when I became aware of the odour of burning grass and peat. This was an unexpected and a rather unusual thing, and continuing my way I soon saw the smoke of a fire curling in blue wreaths from the shelter of a "heugh" at the water's edge.

I was much surprised, for till then, with the exception of the hardly distinguishable black-faced sheep, I had seen nothing but the afore-mentioned birds, some black-game and grouse, and three deer which had crossed the water while I was half a mile away. I had imagined myself entirely alone, and had, in fact, acquired that satisfactory feeling of undisturbed proprietorship common under such conditions.

Pressing forward, I anxiously anticipated who my fellow-wanderers might be. I thought to come upon a family of Tinkler gipsies, perhaps some remnants of the Marshall tribe, or the descendants of Johnny Faa; in any case "a meeting" was about to happen in this unfrequented place.

On rounding a mass of glacial boulders which till then had hidden them from view, I found lying round a good-going fire over which an iron pot was balanced, a little company of persons who, as the evidence of the first glance

confirmed, were not of the gipsy fraternity. Spread on near-by boulders were three men's jackets as if to dry, while against other handy boulders were sundry poles, light cleft rods, a wooden tube-like box resembling a wooden down spout or fall pipe, and a more shallow box, both of which had sheets of thick glass in the bottom. A very old man, a man of middle-age, a woman neatly but poorly dressed, a big boy of about sixteen and three graduating smaller children formed the group. All wore a somewhat dejected air, with the exception of the children, who were playing "chuckie-stanes."

No one moved as I approached, but all fixed me with a steady regard of surprise, not untouched, I thought, with distrust. I opened with the customary greeting, "Fine day," which was duly and promptly corroborated by the middle-aged man, whereupon I asked for a light for my pipe from their fire, and handed over my pouch, for both men had empty "cutties" in their mouths.

The children huddled closely round the woman as if uncertain of me, while I leant against a rock and smoked and prepared to chat, for I was much puzzled as to what these folk were, and on noticing further details, my curiosity was more keenly aroused by a peculiar circumstance exhibited in the clothing of the men. It was this: From the feet up to a line about level with the heart was of a different colour from that of the chest above. Below this demarcation the garments had the appearance of being constantly exposed to the elements for years, and were greenish worn and wet looking, and indeed they were wet, for water was oozing from the boots of each one. The complexion of the old man was remarkably florid, and—yes—I detected a distinctly strong odour of spirits. My thoughts flew to illicit stills, and the hill-cache of the smuggler—what were these people up to?

After fencing for an opening with interminable commonplaces, my impatience and curiosity finally overcame both my caution and politeness, for the conversational abilities of the group were distinctly weak, not to say reluctant, and I asked straight-out how it was that their clothes were wet. The middle-aged man who, it cannot be said continued the spokesman, for until then he had said only "fine day," "thank you" and innumerable "ayes,"

after some further hesitation explained that they were pearl fishers and had just stopped wading. Much was thus accounted for, but not all.

Following this simple, though surprising, explanation of what appeared an unusual state of personal discomfort, the unsatisfactorily strained nature of our rapprochement, so entirely at variance with the wide freedom of our surroundings, gave place to a more happy relationship. The wrong, or unsympathetic, atmosphere created in the first instance by our mutual surprise, and even resentment, at finding ourselves presuming to be within the same ten square miles, by ill-concealed curiosity and wild suspicion on my part, and by dour reticence and unjustified distrust of me on their's—for obviously I was no water-bailiff—now dispelled itself as the smoke of our pipes was lost to a clearer air, and my one-sided talk developed into genuine and natural conversation,

> For errors like straws upon the surface flow:
> He who would search for pearls must dive below,

and I proceeded to explore with excited interest the details of so romantic an occupation.

Now I had heard of Dee pearls, and had seen specimens, both loose and mounted, in a jeweller's shop in the nearest market town, but had never known the manner of obtaining these surprisingly beautiful gems commonly associated with the glamour of the Far East, the deep blue water of sea-lagoons, oysters, statuesque brown-skinned divers performing miracles of submarine endurance, palm-bordered strands, booming surf, and a kindly reliable sun.

The fresh-water mussels found in the Dee are not the blue-black bivalve so commonly seen on the rocks round our coasts, and familiar as a somewhat scorned article of food. They (*unio margaritifera*) are much larger, and average four inches on the major axis two inches on the minor and about one and a half inches through in the thickest part—about the weight, but not the shape, of an oyster—and contain as much "meat." They are a rich sepia colour, rather the tone of old leather, and have the orthodox mother-of-pearl nacreous internal layer.

The pearls are of varying quality, shape and size, some-

what steely in appearance, and the best are of an astonishing beauty, while the poorer varieties may be pear or egg-shaped and lacking in lustre, and they are often as dun-coloured as the sand and peaty waters of the habitat of their presumably unwilling hosts.

The fishers wade into the water, as there is naturally no need or scope for diving, armed with the rods, and look with the aid of the windowed boxes at the river bed of coarse sand and shingle, particularly in the quieter back-waters about the bases of rocks. When a mussel is seen, it is secured by means of the rod, brought up and collected into a bag hung at the armpit.

Keen sight and cunning hand to dodge the tricks of refraction, and intimate knowledge of the habits of the mussel are required, for these inconspicuous denizens of the river's bed well understand the art of protective colouring and the practice of self-preservation. They lie in a vertical position with the shell slightly opened facing the direction of the river's flow, about one-third only being exposed to view above the surface of the sand or shingle.

The pearls are by no means numerous, and on this day, the first time for the year, for the occupation is strictly seasonal, and then controlled from day to day by the state of the water, my friends had found none, although I saw many opened shells.

I expressed my surprise that they did not remove more of their clothes, and asked if they did not catch cold and become rheumatic through sitting about in a wet state. This struck them as a great joke, and I was laughingly assured that no ill-effects resulted from this uncomfortably careless and spartan habit, as defensive measures were adopted to counteract all possible risks by taking liberal doses of " whiskey." The old man, who was the grandfather and 72 years of age, was cited as an exemplar of the harmlessness of the life and the efficacy of the treatment, his face glowed with it, and thus more was explained.

Wishing them " good-luck," I passed on wonderingly. It was obviously a precarious living of a casual kind, and it seemed more than likely that the expenses, due to the nature of the fortifying treatment, might reach quite high figures.

The characteristic silence in which the Dee pearls are evolved is now threatened in a really serious manner. This remarkably peaceful countryside, owing to its inexhaustible water supply, naturally commends itself for use under the Galloway Hydro-electric Power Scheme, and the neighbourhood is likely to be alive ere long with the men and modern machinery of organized progress. For Galloway has been shown how its unfailing and unfettered waters may be made to perform an economic service of enormous importance.

After the temporary disturbance of its waters necessary for the realization of the scheme, and when they have been rearranged, held-up and enslaved by dams, diverted and hidden in dark tunnels, there to drive steel-bladed turbines generating electric energy for distribution far and wide, will this quiet and almost unknown region relapse into its former somnolence? Will the intrusion of these immediately projected works, and more particularly, their sequent effects, alter the rugged grandeur of the countryside, inset with many almost unknown scenic details, gems of waterfall, of linn, of wind-swept craig and multi-coloured moor, so as to render it unrecognizable?

The very remoteness of the region has been till now its salvation. No one has been tempted seriously to despoil its beauty or to disturb its peace. In some respects it is jealously guarded from the stranger, but those fortunate few who know it love and laud its charm with deep sincerity.

Some of the details of the scenery will, of necessity, be changed; a reach of river with its falls and linns will become a loch, a lone fir tree will be submerged, and large areas of moss-hags will sink below the surface of wide expanses of water reflecting the sky and the surrounding hills.

But this is not spoliation, it is merely change, and changes in the details of scenery, or the introduction of such foreign elements as bridges, dams and generating stations, into a landscape, *if properly considered*, do not necessarily entail spoliation of scenery.

Is it not possible to organize for general use and benefit the inherent power of this region, and at the same time protect, and so retain, its intrinsic beauty? " The

old order changeth, yielding place to the new," yet we seem never to be fully aware of the fact, for any suggestion of change seems always to startle, to make us grumble and hesitate.

It has been said, " that the progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error." Let us fall into no error here, for we know what is in sight. Nevertheless, tread warily, but at the same time with an assured step, endeavouring to foresee what will come, and *must* come, and provide that it shall come well.

It is the uncontrolled developments, however, fostered by and following the discovery or introduction of new interests, occupations and functions, which have heretofore changed the face and the character of districts, more often than not in a regrettable manner. It is these that are to be foreseen, and to be feared, and to be provided for—*deliberately and intelligently provided for*. If no broad scheme for future development is evolved, and no general plan prepared, indiscriminate, uncontrolled and sporadic individual developments will arise, and these constitute the real and insidious virus which leads to spoliation of scenery.

With the real and natural regret which change begets, but with resignation in our hearts, we pay tribute to the quiet grey hills. Then squarely facing the future, with our understanding let us welcome the chance and change which they render possible, praying that the exercise of wise forethought may so control events as to forestall and prevent any real spoliation or desecration of the Glenkens of Galloway.

In the Dark

By Ray Coryton Hutchinson

THE station was very badly lighted—only murky oil lamps every twenty yards or so—and when I got into the train there were no lights in any of the carriages. I had to feel my way carefully, in case someone should be there already, and it was some time before I could be quite certain that my carriage was empty. I thought that it was going to remain so, but just as a hustle and banging of doors indicated that we were about to start, the door was jerked open and another passenger climbed in.

I could see none of his features. I knew only that he was a short man, thin and wiry. A hat, rather too large for him, was pulled far down over his eyes. These were the only impressions I gained from a brief glimpse of his figure, hazily silhouetted against a misty Bovril poster, before he plunged from the twilight into the heavy darkness. It surprised me that he did not step on my feet.

The commotion died away, and nothing happened. I was not surprised, as I had travelled on this line before, and knew, as a shareholder, that the company who owned it was not one for brisk efficiency. I was impatient, however, I do not like darkness, and my Saxon suspicion of strangers was intensified by the presence of a stranger I could not see. He did not speak to me, nor I to him. I regarded his taciturnity with suspicion, and as my suspicion increased—he kept so still, that man, so stiff and tense—so I grew less anxious to talk to him. The spirits, they say, are silent until we address them. I prefer a spirit to be silent.

We waited for five minutes or ten perhaps, and then a porter peered in through the window.

"Where for, sir?" he demanded, domineering.

"Tillyharry," I said. My fellow-passenger, properly, I thought, allowed the darkness to hide him and ignored the man.

"Change at Nether Wells," the porter commanded, suggesting by his tone that I should have known this. He moved on to the next carriage, but I called after him.

"I say, aren't we going to have any light?"

"It'll come on in a minute," he replied impatiently over his shoulder. At the same instant as myself, he noticed for the first time that the other carriages were

duly and correctly illuminated, and this discovery so far impressed him as to make him walk back.

"Queer!" he said.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Something must've gone wrong with the gas in this carriage."

"It seems probable," said I. "If you'll open the door, please, I'll get into another one."

"Too late now, sir," he replied, with the satisfaction of the downtrodden creature who suddenly finds himself able to summon vast power to support him. He stood back. The train gave a jolt forward, stopped, quivering, while each coach in turn inherited the motion and butted noisily into the one in front, and then, encouraged by this impetus, snorted out of the station into the outer world; a world so dark that the platforms we had left seemed by comparison to have been brilliantly lighted.

There was no moon that night, and a mist hung over the country side; I could barely see from the light thrown out by the other carriages when we were in a cutting and when on an embankment. The jerking motion which we had collected in our precipitate exit was stimulated by a series of badly laid points, and it was some time before the horrible jolts and clanging gave place, gradually, to the rhythmic *turradadum, turradadum*. By this time, my thoughts devoted solely to my own discomfort, I had forgotten my companion's existence. I started violently when he spoke.

"Tillyharry, did you say you were going to?"

His voice was high-pitched and quavering, rather like that of a woman from the south side of the Thames. I did not like the voice. I should have detested it, had there not been something to pity in it; as one pities a garrulous beggar, not because he is poor, but because he fails to see how ludicrous is his begging.

I said yes, Tillyharry was my destination.

"A fine town," he remarked.

"Indeed!" I said. "You know it?"

I had never been there myself, but Hugh Mattersol had described it to me as "a one-horse, back-bush, hick-and-hayseed little village, every cottage in it rotten and foundering, but so much dirt that you can't see the decay." I had not looked forward with any pleasure to my week's sojourn in Tillyharry.

"Born and bred there, lived there twenty-three years," my companion said.

"Perhaps you can help me then," I said quickly, for fear he should become autobiographical. "I'm staying at the King's Arms. Is it close to the station, or shall I have to take a cab?"

"Cab? no, not unless you've got a very heavy bag. It's only forty-five paces down the High Street. When you come out of the station, turn to your right along the pavement. In about twenty yards you come to a lamp-post, and it's best to cross the road there, as there's usually a policeman on duty. A lot of traffic on that street nowadays. You'll see the High Street, straight in front of you. It's a cobbled street, a fine old street. There are tall houses on both sides, oh, three or four storeys, I should think. The King's Arms is the tallest of the lot, I fancy. It's a fine hotel, that."

Again I recalled Mattersol. "You might try the King's Arms, it's a dingy little pub, but there's nowhere else. Personally I'd rather find a field and pitch a tent. It would feel more civilized."

"Yes, it's a fine hotel," the stranger went on. "Five steps up to it, and two doors before you're inside. A swagger place. Of course it smells of ale rather, more ale than champagne like there is in some of the London places they talk about, but they've got a proper waiter and everything. You'll like the Arms."

"I'm glad of that," I said, speaking as one who has told the bedtime story for the third time and devoutly hopes the child is asleep. I did not want to talk to this man. When the sun rose on the morrow, I should know all I wished to know about Tillyharry. I could then count the storeys of the houses myself, note the grandeur of the hotel, remark its proximity to the station. In the meantime I did not want to hear it described. My companion's description might be more accurate than Mattersol's—certainly Mattersol was seldom right about anything—but what did it matter? I could not get away from the idea that the man wanted to unburden himself of a tale long stored up. He had the weightiness and prolixity of a beggar. He seemed to believe that I should doubt his words if he did not make his story still more unlikely by verbose embellishments. It was unreasonable, perhaps, to think thus. No doubt the darkness and chilliness of

the carriage were depressing me so much as to make me a little inhuman. The fellow had not said a great deal, so far. It was simply his tone of voice which made me suspect the bore in him, the bore who has calamities to share out with any chance acquaintance. Worse still, I could not help suspecting that he was not altogether sane. It seemed to tell me so much, that voice.

"You will see the cathedral, of course?"

I was right. It would not be checked, that voice; it would persecute until the next station brought relief, or until that dark figure, the outline of which I could only just discern against the window, began to move nearer and near, until I felt it leaning over me and—

"Cathedral?" I said. "I didn't think there was a cathedral at Tillyharry." I intended my voice to be bored only, but I knew that it sounded frightened.

"No, no! I'm wrong. It is not a cathedral, only a church. But I think of it always as a cathedral; it is so tall and majestic."

I needed no other proof. Nothing but sheer madness would make a man talk of a country church as a cathedral. Streaks of blue light darted into the carriage, leaving it dark again. We had impudently passed through a station. I wondered when the next would come; the stations were, I supposed, about two miles apart; we were moving at, perhaps, twenty-five miles an hour, certainly not more; that would bring the next station in about five minutes; but we might not stop there.

"Yes, it is a fine church, St. Mary's at Tillyharry. You go in through a wide door. It is a heavy door, covered with leather and little brass knobs, but it swings quite silently when you push it. When you are inside, you walk six paces and then you turn and look up the nave. The nave is very long and the high roof is supported on fourteen pillars, seven on each side. You feel how cool and spacious it is. It is like being in a garden, when the sun is behind the clouds, only there is incense instead of the smell of flowers, because God dresses differently when He is in his churches. You go up the nave to the transept, and then you are in a pool of sunlight which comes in through the south window. It is like the sun coming out after a shower. I always knelt there, to keep still and feel the sunshine. There are priests walking round, up and down the long aisles, and

the skirts of their robes swish past you. They are wonderful, gorgeous robes. They go up into the chancel, and you turn your head after them. I have never been in the chancel, there is a rope across it when there is not a service, but I know that it is all marble. There are angels carved out of marble; they stand there, their wings touching and their heads bent forward. Sometimes the organ is playing, and I think they nod their heads very gently to the music."

All this he had said in the same high monotone, the tone which frightened but was beginning to fascinate me. Then his voice changed suddenly. It became more excited, more tremulous, but softer. An ecstasy of beautiful remembering seemed to take away its harshness.

"The sun moves round gradually, and the pool of light travels away. It travels up the steps and across the barrier, and shines right on God's face, as He sits there up in the chancel. And then God smiles."

Though I could not see his face, I knew that my companion, too, was smiling.

I felt the train slowing down, and heard the hiss of the suction brakes. A jolt, and then a voice calling "Nether Wells" brought me back into reality. I jumped up, put on my hat, pulled my bag from under the seat, and stepped on to the platform. "Good night!" was all I said to my companion. I wanted food, and warmth, and above all, bright, mundane light. I wanted to get away from a man who saw God in a church. At the barrier I stopped to fumble for my ticket, and as I did so I heard the eerie voice again. "I want some chocolate with nut in it. I don't think this piece has any nut."

Impelled by curiosity I turned round. He was not an old man, after all, not more than thirty, I guessed. His face, now seen clearly under a station lamp, was thin and bearded. His moustache looked as if it had been allowed to grow long to hide an ugly twist in the lips, a twist that might be caused by a physical defect or by long suffering only. He spoke to me again.

"Yes, I was born like this," he said, and smiled bravely. He must somehow have sensed my fixed and curious gaze, for he could not have seen it through those white, unlighted eyes.

"I do hope you will like Tillyharry," he added.

Tactile

By Horace Shipp

My fingers have forgotten all
Of wonder save the slender feel
Of this arched loveliness that Spring
Weaves in wild hyacinths through the woods.

Ears are too coarse to hear their call,
The faint, frail angelus of their peal;
But reverent fingers listening
Hear yet their twice-told legend ring.
(*Love's body is raised for worshipping*
Across the chancelled solitudes.)

Eyes are too blind to see the slow,
Sun-quickened sea of blueness flow;
But fingers know, but fingers know.

And wise hands, suddenly grown all-wise
Keener than ears for hearing, clearer than eyes,
Sniff the pale flowers, breathe the sap's faint scent,
Nose through the tangible, pale-green wonderment,
Sense the dear perfume subtly made
At the stalk's bending and the colour's shade.

And fingers at the bluebell's lip
Ambrosia sip.

So fingers, which have long forgotten all
Of wonder save the exquisite thrills that reach
Deep, deep through their communing, strangely find
Ears to their deafness, scent, taste, eyes that were blind,
And softly among the answering bluebells fall,
Tingling, the accents of their new-found speech.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

THE PEER-SEER

"What's put that disthressed look on your face, Heddle?" asked Sergeant Murphy.

"What look?" said Heddle "I've just been reading in a paper about what Lord Birkenhead says the world will be like in a hundred years' time."

"That accounts for it," said the Sergeant. "Well, if you were wise, you'd have cut out Lord Birkenhead as a Cassandhrew and turned to the sportin' page where Pickemout's great thought for the day concerns the four o'clock race at Nottingham."

"Everybody says he's a very clever man," said Heddle.

"Wan of the cleverest in the counthry," was the reply. "In the matther of torts, fee-faw-fums, sic vos, ad hocs and other depressin' things of the kind, I'd rather have his Lordship at me back than the whole Law Department. But when he climbs over the ropes into the scientific ring, I won't wait for the bout. I reach for me hat."

"All I know," said Heddle, "is that some of the things he says are going to happen sound terrible."

"They are," said the Sergeant. "But what else could you expect? Why is Old Moore the top dog among the prophets? Because every page of his mastherpiece is studded with famine, slaughther, earthquakes and King's enemies. Would anybody give a hoot in hell for his book if it told you things like that the weather in July will be seasonable—which it won't, because me own holiday is that month—or that a pinch of sassafras adds to the subtle charm of mulligatawny?

"So when me Lord Birkenhead started his Mother Shipton side-line, he decided to out-Harrod Harrods, as they say, and serve things up so hot you couldn't hold them.

"Babies, says he, will be facthory-projuiced, and a wealthy woman be writin' a fat cheque can secure a fine specimen of Young Etonian, top hat and all, while the Borstal goods will be thrown about carelessly in the bargain basement. Disease is to be practically abolished, to the great relief of the humble parrot, who lately has

found himself gettin' too much limelight as a patient. Motive power is to be unlimited. Six hundred horse-power, he says, will be contained in a fountain-pen reservoir, in which case the damned thing will leak, and a man may get kicked over St. Paul's be the released horses. Beefsteak will be grown be the ton in laboratories—with a constant spray, I expect, of onion essence. A Test match in Austhralia will be seen with perfect clearness in London, and, no doubt, the language of the barrackers will, afther bein' filthered, be served up be radio. The people will work only wan day in four, thus leavin' them, as he says, time to listen in to the debates in Parliament—God forbid! Everybody will be rejuvenated, he says, and dyin' will become even more unpopular than it is now. In fact, it'll only be turned to as a last resort. Have I said enough, Heddle?"

"How does he know that all that's going to happen?" asked Heddle.

"He doesn't," was the reply. "He thinks it ought to happen. You see, he's been readin' a bit of Science lately, and it's gone to his head. Or else he's pullin' the leg of a long-sufferin' community.

"If you read a book be a real scientist, a fellah that's spent his life studyin' a subject, he's usually the modestest man in the world. Ask him what the next step's likely to be, and be damned but he'll hesitate to even suggest it. It's the other lot, the clever wans that read between the lines and see what isn't there, that have an answer to every question.

"I read an article the other day be an omadhaun who said that the New York skyscrapers were bein' fitted with moorin' masts for airships.

"Wouldn't that break the heart of a wan-eyed goat? Before R101 or Zepp Umpty-three is let out for an airin' they have to wait till the wind is in a certain quarther, just like a patient recoverin' from bad bronchitis. And it needs a battalion of men to put it to bed. Moorin' masts!

"Still, as a litherary effort, his Lordship's book ought to be a success, and in wan place it'll make a thremendous hit."

"Where's that?" asked Heddle.

"Hollywood," said Sergeant Murphy. "Sure it's a ready-to-wear film."

Dissatisfactions

By Horace Shipp

B. J. One. By Stephen King-Hall. (Globe Theatre).
Cochran's 1930 *Revue.* (London Pavilion).

NEXT to the debating society pastime of playing "If I were Prime Minister" nothing could be more fascinating than assuming a like irresponsible responsibility as a successful entrepreneur. During the past year, at least one hundred persons in the theatrical world have said to me, "Now if I were Maurice Browne . . ." I will even admit that I have said it myself, lured into speculation by the thought of having the enormous profits of *Journey's End* to play with, and an ideal concerning the theatre to uphold. The current variation of the game is to begin the question with, "Now why *did* Maurice Browne . . ?" for we have before us Maurice Browne's own tangible answer as to what he would do in the incredible circumstances.

I confess that, sharing to a fanatical degree Mr. Browne's conception of the *raison d'être* of the theatre, I should not have dreamed of producing Commander Stephen King-Hall's piece. I look for reasons why he did. Was it an element of "Do-it-again-daddy-ism"—a belief that the public were evidently so charmed with the stage spectacle of war on land that they would adore it on the sea? Was it a vendetta against actresses, this experiment with a huge all-male cast? Was it a search for novelty? Or a conviction of the need of passing on Stephen King-Hall's gospel of organizing industry for peace in the spirit that the services were organized for war? Knowing that Maurice Browne is an irrepressible idealist, I imagine that the last of these reasons weighed greatly with him. Knowing that he is before all else a man of the theatre, I don't understand how they did, for I never sat through a piece with less sense of the theatre than this. One long scene gave the operation room at the Admiralty, showing with infinite realistic care how the gigantic chess-game of naval warfare was worked out there. Telegrams and telephone messages were received, filed,

and sent; maps were altered; charts were consulted; all in a welter of technical language, with endless repetitions. The next scene showed (or would have done had there been any light on the stage) the bridge of a battleship speeding through the North Sea on the night of the battle of Jutland. After half an hour of obscure technicalities being duly given, repeated, passed on and called back in the doubtless necessary routine of the circumstances, we got a series of unpleasant detonations and blinding flashes when the ship was shelled. The curtain fell and our hopes rose. But no! With the rise of the curtain we were still where we had been, and the darkness, the technical jargon, and the rest went on for another half hour or so. The last act showed a business conference. Two naval men who had met before the war in a night club at Kiel, and again during the North Sea encounter, were now respective heads of great English and German steel concerns. The German had already joined the International Steel Cartel, an association for controlling steel-making competition, and the Englishman wished to form an English group. The act was concerned with the opposition of the die-hard individualist. It was earnest and high-minded discussion of real problems, and I yield to nobody in my desire that the theatre should devote itself to discussing real problems. But it must be done by a dramatist; and for all the combination of admirable intellectual and altruistic qualities in Commander Stephen King-Hall, he is not a dramatist. Realistic reporting and social thinking are not enough. Elusive qualities must be added to these: creative, imaginative, dynamic qualities which give every word and every character a significance greater than its meaning. I should have wished to like this play because one senses fine motives for the writing and producing of it; but, alas, so far as I was concerned, *B. J. One* was dead technical prose.

Now, lest I be accused of being half-witted by the adherents of the intellectual drama, I hasten to state that I disliked *Cochran's* 1930 *Revue* for the reason that it was too cheaply theatrical, and showed the minimum concern with brains. There were good things in it; amusing things, like the sketch wherein Maisie Gay makes an

omelette to wireless instructions; beautiful things, like the ballet *Night*; exquisite things, like the dancing of Fowler and Tamara; witty things, like the scene designs of Rex Whistler or the fine *Heaven* finale to the first part. But these were moments outweighed by abundance of Robot dancing. Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies flooded the stage too often and stayed too long, and even though their costumes must have cost the production a fortune, I found that my mind got a little hungry. Then Ada May, who bears a great deal of this show on her doubtless charming shoulders, left me cold. She is a lively little kick-about with a child's sense of fun, but one does want some wit as well as these animal spirits.

To me it is one of the mysteries that bright young gentlemen of the Beverley Nichols strength of reputation, given the enormous opportunity for being witty which a revue of this magnitude offers, produce such a feeble set of jokes. With each successive version of the Cochran revue the wit has become more attenuated. I believe it would be better if more time were given for the working out of a few sketches and some of the leg-drill stuff eliminated to make room. Doubtless Mr. Cochran, with years of experience of the revue public behind him, will tell me that he is producing his shows for them knowing exactly what they want. A depressing thought; for one has watched the minimizing of almost everything worth while and the growth of the tumperty-tum footwork stuff which tittivates the senses and demands for its appreciation no brains whatever.

So if Maurice Browne's effort to please me with "highbrow" drama failed, Mr. Cochran's sub-cerebral stuff succeeded no more. So I defer my hopes until some of the promised things from these same sources are brought to the London stage. *Othello*, with Paul Robeson in the part; *Hamlet* in German with that great actor Moissi; the Guitrys once again. To both managements the London theatre owes much already; we shall continue to demand the best.

Books

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

SAXO GRAMMATICUS OR FIRST-AID FOR THE BEST-SELLER. By ERNEST WEEKLEY. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THIS little book belongs to the clever "To-day and To-morrow" series, a collection full of up-to-date voices prophesying change and war upon the ancient institutions that hitherto have ruled our lives. Prof. Weekley, who produced an entire dictionary a few years since, is well qualified to consider the future of English, but he does not say much on this head, despairing of the Day after To-morrow, when a democratic State will have still further reduced the shoddy standards it has tolerated and encouraged. To-day, when few can claim a large audience of thoughtful listeners, and more attention may be paid to wild dreams based on dubious vaticinations than to solid and reasoned conclusions, prophecy is apt to be lurid, but futile. The professor is much more usefully employed in detailing page after page the blunders made and printed by best-sellers among the novelists and popular journalists in the Press. If these indifferently educated performers would acquire the rudiments of a conscience about English, much would be gained. That admirable body of workers, the Readers of the Press, are not to-day so effective as they were; and perhaps in this careless age many faulty texts are allowed to reach the public eye without their revision. A foolish complacency goes on praising the best Press in the world, and Mr. T. E. Naylor, M.P., secretary of the Compositors' Trade Union, has afforded a supreme example of the lengths to which a shallow modern talker can go. Last year his valuable opinion was starred in a paragraph, and the italics began like this:

> It would be no exaggeration to say that the columns of our daily Press contain [contained ?] more literature worth reading than all the literature that had ever been acclaimed and all the books that were ever written.

I do not propose, however, to give up reading books from, say, Homer to Tennyson, until I know what right Mr. Naylor has to form an opinion on any one of them. He reminds me of that Uncle Joseph who was no student, confining his reading to elementary textbooks and the daily papers, and who lectured to the Working Men's Mutual Improvement Society in the Isle of Dogs. Prof. Weekley has a right to be heard, and his parade of offenders makes good reading, as he is both learned and amusing. We see daily the work of several people who should certainly buy and study this booklet. The troubles about "who" and "whom" are notable, though we wonder that they were not settled at school. Shakespeare, it is true, and the Bible venture on idioms and turns of speech not acceptable to-day, but the chance that they will seriously influence a modern writer is not large.

The professor is no pedant and he dismisses with Mr. Fowler the fuss made about the "split infinitive." Its avoidance often leads to a word-order which is grotesquely unnatural. It was used both by Meredith and Hardy. The ready humour of the book illustrates another superstition which is founded on Latin usage and would destroy the flexibility of our tongue:

> Everybody has heard of the school inspector who solemnly announced to a class of small children: "A preposition is a very bad word to end a sentence with."

These taboos are, however, nothing compared with the distressing indifference to simple grammar. A noun like "Government" is adorned with a verb in the singular and another in the plural in the same sentence. Sheer laziness, which was responsible for Byron's "There let him lay," condones many similar faults. It is only fair, however, to add that in the upper ranks of journalism and authorship the general level of style is much better than it was. A book like Mr. Greening Lamborn's collection of "Present-day Prose" shows how many living writers know their business and have taken pains to be clear and effective. The prevalent sloppiness may yet be leavened by the work of an honourable minority. The existence of a book like this is a good sign, and in English, as in other features of the national life, the *civium ardor prava jubentium* may be checked.

V. R.

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS.

THE REVOLUTIONARIES (1789–99). By LOUIS MADELIN. Translated by R. G. S. CURTIS. Arrowsmith. 18s.

WE are glad to see this vivid book in English. M. Madelin is a distinguished historian, and his ten chapters on the leading figures of the Revolution make good reading. When he is studying a character or summarizing a movement, we know that he relies on ample knowledge. He does not include, we notice, the classical Camille Desmoulins or Marat, whose doings in England, including possibly theft at Oxford, have always excited our curiosity. It is difficult to select the men chiefly responsible for the wholesale slaughter of the time. M. Madelin points out that Danton, without actively desiring or ordering butchery, did not use his power, as he might have, to stop it. Robespierre, as his party perished with him, was, according to Napoleon at St. Helena, "made a scapegoat." After studying his trial carefully three times, the author recognizes his virtues, but adds:

> This sincere man, through his imperturbable, boundless vanity shed blood without any scruples and almost callously.

He was a disciple of Rousseau and quite misunderstood the "people" he talked so much about. It has been suggested that after the execution of the King he was merely the stalking-horse

for more resolute spirits, but at least he provided them with their weapons, for they only put into practice his maxim that "Virtue is powerless without Fear." So M. Madelin argues, fairly enough, we think. When Bonaparte was ready to arrive, he had only to deal with "the over-rated windbag, Sieyès," the last of the great men of the Revolution, and managed him easily. The chapter on "Soldiers of the Revolution," is of particular interest, recognizing the importance of the non-commissioned officers in training excitable volunteers.

THE TRIAL OF COUNT KÖNIGSMARCK. Edited by the HON. EVELINE GODLEY. Davies. 7s. 6d.

THE crime which led to this trial is recorded in the Abbey. Underneath the fainting figure of Thomas Thynne of Longleat is sculptured a coach surrounded by ruffians, one of whom is firing a blunderbuss into it. This happened in the Haymarket in 1682. Four bullets finished the unfortunate gentleman. Königsmarck, a reckless and fashionable adventurer, was in London while the three foreign ruffians were sending to death his rival for the hand of an heiress. He tried to get away but was arrested and brought to trial with his associates. They were all found guilty and executed, but their leader Vratz would not hear of any idea of the Count's complicity, showing extraordinary loyalty to his patron. The other two were less cautious, and no reasonable mind can doubt that all were acting for Königsmarck. Yet he got off. His splendid head of yellow hair concealed a brutal but cunning brain and he was allowed to explain to the jury how good a Protestant he was. The King was well disposed to him and pleased to annoy young Monmouth, to whose clique Thynne belonged. The evidence with its admissions and obvious reticences makes curious reading, a boy of fifteen being pretty clearly the most honest witness. The trial was not a credit to English justice and the jury may, as rumour said at the time, have been corrupt to a man.

CARRY NATION. By HERBERT ASBURY. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

MR. ASBURY has produced an interesting life of an extraordinary woman who, once in the forefront of publicity, is little known to the present generation. Never was there so pertinacious a preacher against alcohol and tobacco, a preacher, too, armed with a hatchet to break up what she regarded as the devil's work. One cannot help admiring the indomitable spirit of the woman, but looking a little deeper, one sees a pathological case. It is not surprising to learn that there was a well-defined strain of madness in her family, and that her mother thought she was Queen Victoria. It was the failings of her first husband that led her to the belief that all the ills of the world were due to drink and tobacco, and thence she proceeded to the obsession

that she was called of God to destroy with her own hands. When her second husband preached in the pulpit, she dominated him in the pew, prompting him with her own suggestions and even fixing the end of a sermon with a loud "That will be about all for to-day, David!" When he did not agree, "she marched to the pulpit, banged his Bible shut, handed him his hat and peremptorily told him to go home." A terrible woman this; and one constantly interfering in her middle years with any man and girl in that attitude which always ends the cinema play. Doubtless she enjoyed it all, but she is a supreme type of that emotional instability which is one of the chief characteristics and dangers of democracy. A decent education is wanted to suppress and control the pleasures of abnormal exhibitionism. If Carry Nation was the mother of Prohibition, it seems likely that she has done more harm to the American people than the worst of their politicians. It seems odd that she was not shut up as a lunatic; and the Kansas authorities thought of it, but they were afraid of political consequences and the feminine enthusiasm for the heroine, and she was only imprisoned for a time. In 1901 she became the disciple of John Alexander Dowie, self-styled Elijah III, who was deposed by his followers in 1906 for polygamy and peculation. Towards the end of her life she came to England, discovering fogs which were a divine judgment on tobacco-smokers and tea-fiends innumerable.

Mr. Asbury tells the sad story for the most part without taking sides, and his moderation is more telling than a fusillade of criticism.

AS I KNEW THEM. By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON. Hutchinson. 21s.

IN her reminiscences Miss Dixon writes with a practised pen and may be said to have been born into literature, as she was the daughter of an editor of the *Athenæum*. That paper was practically founded by Dilke, as she says, but actually started by James Silk Buckingham. Pleasant and judicious are her views of women so different as Ellen Terry and Alice Meynell. The puckish and always charming spirit of the first is well hit off, and we learn that the deficient memory was specially provided for:

> Ellen Terry was without any of the small jealousies, but her tricks behind the footlights were proverbial, nor would she be at the pains to learn the words of her part. Her "lines" had to be printed and fastened to the backs of chairs, so that when she tripped or swam about the boards in her flowing robes (she never showed her feet) Ellen was picking up her part in the play.

She found Hardy "the most timorous and reticent of celebrities" in a small party of four. Perhaps the array of feminine talent frightened him, as he could be genial and talkative at a man's club. Dining clubs and a visit to New York

both provide some amusing stories. The late Lord Stanley of Alderley figures as a most original and genial entertainer, recalling Lady Morgan. Once famous as a novelist, she asked for a touch of rouge on her deathbed, thinking, like Pope's Narcissa, "one might as well look one's best at the last." There is much about editors—some of them happy discoverers of talent—and the whole book is a tribute to the author's popularity.

FICTION.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. By H. M. TOMLINSON. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THIS substantial book must, we suppose, be criticized under "Fiction," though a good deal of it seems like direct memory of fact. Chosen by the Book Society for its readers, it will put before them one of the best living writers of English. It begins with the launching of a great ship, a subject in which the author is at his best, and he proceeds with the assistance of a few other characters to develop his ironic and disappointed vision of life from the beginning of the twentieth century up to the end of the war. We have a row in a music-hall; a happy tobacco shop with shelves of books which is a haven for the discontented; cynically competent journalists, including the great Harmsworth himself; an interior in the slums and another in the drawing-room of the rich.

It is a slice of real life, practical philosophers who think and talk about literature, politics, and pay-days with the racy freedom which does not reach the newspapers. Before we reach the war one journalist has gone out to tackle the terrors of a lonely jungle and bring supplies to an innocent scientist—a scheme interrupted by international graft. The war section of some 300 pages is finely done, but uniformly depressing. The world is very wrong for Mr. Tomlinson. He sees little good anywhere and hypocritical humbugs in high places. Typical is his view of

> the classic mass of St. Paul's in its immemorial soot, with its facings of rain-washed stone, as if the chief temple of London was itself a permanent tribute to darkness, and was on the point of being absorbed into the power to which it was dedicated.

It is a pity that our intellectuals have so little belief in England, for the English can run themselves down daily without help.

HE-WHO-CAME? By CONSTANCE HOLME. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

WE expect much from the author of "The Splendid Fairing" and we are able to answer the brief words of 'Prologue One,' "I like this story. I hope you will," with a decided, Yes. It is part of the country quaintness of the book that the end of the story is told first. It was all a question of Aunt Martha and whether she was not "daft," or worse, a witch, to croon songs which made the butter come and perform other uncanny

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marvels. When she was added to the farm of Mr. Walker, the dalesman, being his sister, Mrs. Walker did not like it and gave her no notice or praise for her work. But the four children were bound to appreciate her, especially when Mrs. Walker, who had some of the gloomy powers of Mrs. Wilfer, was killed in an accident. The homely lore and language of the dalesman are beautifully rendered as well as the puzzled sense of the children confronted with the psychic. They felt that Aunt Martha was wonderful; she could not be wrong—and yet. . . .

The story is short and not to be missed by judicious readers, for it is full of charm and character humorously noted.

MURDER ON THE MARSH. By JOHN FERGUSON. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

MR. FERGUSON has once again created an atmosphere of suspense and danger which he contrives to maintain to the end. He produces, too, a new type of murder, though we may be forgiven for wondering whether it would have come off quite so well in real life. But this is to be hypercritical, since he convinces us while we are carried along on the tide of his story.

He suggests in a few deft and vivid touches the charm and mystery of his background, Romney Marsh, and his rustics, with their racy talk of bygone smuggling days in the old inn, are admirably done. Indeed, Zacchary Moss and Thomas Vidler

deserve special mention. There are, moreover, many touches of humour—a quality too often lacking in the modern novel of crime.

The expert may guess the criminal before he has read very far, though the means employed may evade him, unless he has a fair acquaintance with Science. But, once started on the story, the reader will find it difficult to put down.

DIXONS' CUBS. By JOHN C. MOORE. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THIS is quite a refreshing first novel. Dixon is the holder of a farm on the Welsh borders which has been in his family for generations, and he feels more familiar with the land than with the "cubs," his boys and girls. When he dies suddenly, they are left to grow up in their different ways and to face the war, which reduces their number. The best of them feel as their father did about the land and are capable of striking acts of self-sacrifice.

The story is delayed at one point for hunting scenes, done with real gusto; but this does not seem amiss, as the old country ways are a main theme of the book and contrasted with the eruption of horrid, cheap houses and the ugly profiteering of the town. Mr. Moore evidently knows his country sights and scenes and smells, and his writing is for the most part fresh and animated. The dog called "Heintz," invented years ago, ought now to have a long rest, and we are rather tired of phrases like "the young body of her." These, however, are trifles in a pleasant and satisfying picture of the heart of England.

THE SECRET OF THE CREEK. By VICTOR BRIDGES. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

MR. BRIDGES should repeat the success of "Green Sea Island" with this story, the action of which takes place on the same coast of East Anglia. The hero, from the moment when two strange attempts have been made to secure an old book he has bought, decides to tackle the mystery involved. He employs a retired detective, but he himself has most of the dangerous fun. He is not very wise, but perhaps his casual ways are partly due to the attractions of the heroine, who can cook, swim, and manage a boat, and has the frank, hearty demeanour of sailing folk.

Besides his sense of romance the author has an easy humour which carries on his story well.

NEW ZEALAND SHORT STORIES. Chosen and Edited by O. N. GILLESPIE. Dent. 7s. 6d.

MR. GILLESPIE explains in his Preface that to many the book will prove disappointing, "because the stories, particularly by contrast with those of Australia, lack any national outlook or distinctive atmosphere." This, it seems, is because the

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Translated from the German by CHARLES ATKINSON

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pioneers sought to refashion the islands after the homeland, and New Zealand is something like London a few weeks behind. But surely the pioneers had special difficulties which do not occur over here—such as bush burning and clearing on a large scale—and romantic material should not be wanting in the conquest of new land in comparative isolation. The Maoris were a fine, picturesque people, and the stories about them here are a little disappointing. Katherine Mansfield would be distinguished anywhere, but her contribution is simply the narrative of a voyage. In general, the writers are not strong in incident. Some, however, do get well the atmosphere of the country, and the prettiest story of settlers is, oddly enough, French, the "Café au Lait" of B. E. Baughan. G. B. Lancaster and Mona Tracey achieve irony effectively. The humour lacks subtlety, and perhaps this is because the women writers are so far the stronger side of the team. Their technique is sound and they do the dream story better than the men do every-day life.

LITERARY STUDIES.

ASSORTED ARTICLES. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Secker. 6s.

THE extravagance of Lawrence's obsession with sex became so marked in his last years that it spoilt his work. In these articles for the popular press he appears in a more restrained mood, while his independence of thought adds to their cogency. He discusses the Eton crop and the foolish attempt of young women to appear like boys. He concludes that "women *must* play up to man's pattern. And she only gives her best to a man when he gives her a satisfactory pattern to play up to." And "a pattern they must have, or they can't exist." All this sounds simple, but are all the current fashions, such as the hideous lipstick, admired by men, or even by callow boys? The degenerate young Englishman of to-day wants freedom from the bore of making a living, and prefers to live on somebody else as long as possible. The author was quite right to stress this point, but it only leads to anarchy to suggest that the family has begun to destroy men, so that mothers must be put at the head of it. It is true that grown men to-day seem to prefer soft and comfortable jobs, and "utter inaction and storms of talk" show English people in a "state of funk." It is a dangerous and humiliating state from which our politicians suffer badly. The idea of an Artists' Co-operative Society to bring pictures to the public, as books have been brought, is sound; the public of to-day is beauty-starved, and needs education of this sort more than anything.

The author's prose is always effective, with a touch of heart-whole exaggeration; but he could never have been a teacher

of the world. Born of the working classes, he left them as too limited and narrow, but he was never easy, he admits here, with the other class to which his power as a writer raised him. He did not feel any very cordial or frank mental contact between him and the people he knew and liked. Even the charming and educated, he writes, *just stop some part of me from working*. It is a tragedy of which we see more than is admitted, and which leads to a derision of some of the few genuine values left in the world just because they are misunderstood. The great writer and thinker can talk to everybody without any class-consciousness.

CONVERSATIONS IN EBURY STREET. By GEORGE MOORE. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

IN this "Uniform Edition" Mr. Moore has included a new conversation with a woman. It is intriguing, but lacks his characteristic touch of daring when he reports the talk of well-known men of letters and artists. Mrs. Harley-Caton remains a vague figure, without the detail Mr. Moore finds so significant in Rose Corman.

His talking figures occasionally, if we may put it so, supply some poor batting to meet his bowling. The book is suffused with his views, just as his admired Landor speaks under many names in his "Conversations." Gosse is allowed to remark :—

> As I think I have told you before, you very often have something to say that's worth saying, but you are apt to spoil it by exaggeration.

Individual opinions, however, when strongly expressed with no fear of orthodox views, make good reading, and this book is full of attractive things, especially on Balzac and an anthology of pure poetry. There is much of Mr. Wilson Steer, whose pictures, recently collected in the Tate Gallery, looked, to the present reviewer, much more like future Old Masters than the rest. Marian Evans is denounced for choosing such a name as George Eliot and is supposed to say to Lewes, "But why, dear George, are you averse from the name *George Eliot* ?" It is a pity Mr. Moore has not heard of the origin of the name, for it is romantic, recalling a young soldier lost in India.

AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION AND THE MAKING OF IT. By LADY CHARNWOOD. Benn. 15s.

THIS is a charming book for anyone interested in literature and the people who made it. We remember two books by autograph collectors which contained excellent material, but the feast was too thinly spread before the reader, with little of the critic's garnishings, the delight and appreciation the expert ought to show. Lady Charnwood has managed this part of her book

admirably, and has explained how a collection is best gathered and laid out. She shows the human pleasure which goes with a good bargain, giving us details of prices here and there, but she reveals also her literary taste, contrasting the attractive naturalness of Scott with the cleverness of Byron, saying a good word for Charles Kingsley (whose stock is pretty low just now), and noting the obstinacy and reserve of the Brontë family, when she prints a very interesting letter from Charlotte about the dying Emily.

The collection, in view of the moderate outlay, is of remarkable quality. It can boast excellent letters by the best hands, E. F. G. and Cowper; and it is clear that its success is not altogether a commercial affair. The rights of descent and of friendship have done much for Lady Charnwood, and belonging to Lichfield, the shrine of Johnson, she adds a pleasant chapter about Stowe House and its memories, which include the absurd Thomas Day.

It would have been as well, perhaps, for a world indifferent to the past, to add more comment on the letters. That from Dickens to Chorley reminds us, for instance, that Chorley was one of the best musical critics of his day, wrote the verses for one of Sullivan's happiest songs, and reviewed Dickens's novels in the *Athenæum*. Bulwer Lytton, thanking a reviewer for a good notice, talks of calumnies and depreciating praise. Earlier he was so enraged with criticism that he put into "Paul Clifford" a low drudge and thief who was ex-editor of the *Asinæum*, a paper which, he says, ruined three printers and once reached a perfectly unprecedented sale of 50 copies! Tennyson's letter refers to a Mr. Tennyson, of Chester, who named his son Alfred. He did not go so far as Dickens, whose fourth son was called Alfred Tennyson. When Sydney Smith writes, "Homer is well and the best of all the Grecians," we suspect that "Horner" should be read. He was then in London, and in Parliament, the pet of Edinburgh Reviewers.

Lady Charnwood has pleasantly preserved for us some good anecdotes. One old man, asked about Wordsworth, could only say, "Less butcher's meat went into that house than into any in the village." This makes Hartley Coleridge's joke of stealing mutton from Wordsworth's larder still more heinous.

LE "DETECTIVE NOVEL" ET L'INFLUENCE DE LA PENSÉE SCIENTIFIQUE. By REGIS MESSAC. Paris: Champion. 75 fr.

THIS is a tremendous book of 660 pages full of valuable material and containing a summary of many leading examples. M. Messac has, however, a wide conception of his subject and includes "Police stories" as well as detective tales. These last must, we take it, be concerned with clues not easily discoverable by the ordinary reader, the solution coming at the end, and the

puzzle must take precedence of every other interest in the book. The " mystery story " need not have an explanation at the end, and the tale of crime joins on by gradations with the detective tale, though crime is not essential to the latter. Thus Godwin's " Caleb Williams " is not a detective story, because the secret of the murder which makes the narrator a vagabond fleeing from the rich and powerful murderer is revealed at an early stage.

The East is the source hitherto generally regarded as responsible for the beginnings of the detective story, that sort of discovery being used in the Book of Daniel. M. Messac, however, refers us to Greece and Archimedes with his " Eureka." As to this, we remark that in the East the teller of curious tales of common people is well known, whereas Greek literature talks of gods and heroes. The rhapsodists recited portions of Homer, not adventures like those in the " Arabian Nights." Sherlock Holmes, as is well known, was taken from a living original, and Poe is said to have founded his tales on the feats of French-Canadian trackers. Is it not likely that a particularly observant person in real life, like Zadig in Voltaire's story, would lead to stories of his exploits? Fiction comes late in Greek literature and relies on the schools of rhetoric rather than on common life.

Zadig is carried back here to an original in Italian of 1557 on the Princes of Serendip by an author who pretends to be inspired by a Persian original. This is unknown, and the source seems to be a part of the " Arabian Nights " not found in the oldest European translations. The " Three Clever Brothers " appear in the Arabic of Tabari (838–923), but there are also Jewish sources, attested as older. Sherlock Holmes should have spoken of " inductions " not " deductions," and Huxley calls such inductions in biology the method of Zadig. So we find ourselves in the presence of science, and the author suggests that all the versions of the " Brothers " we know are derived from a Greek original, some anecdote founded on physiognomy. The Arabs, of course, relied largely on Greek sources, but we cannot suppose that the Greeks had a monopoly of the beginnings of science. There were doctors surely investigating cases in ancient India before Greek influence was felt there. The chapter on " Pathfinders " seems to us much to the point. M. Messac seems to have noticed with amazing erudition every prominent author at all concerned with crime and mystery as well as the views of numerous critics. When he comes to Sherlock Holmes, he discovers debts to Gaboriau and Poe's Dupin, and nothing essentially new except in the form.

The work is a vast repository which future critics of the detective novel cannot neglect. It recalls much that might be missed, especially in French, and much that is difficult to read. The American Nick Carter and Sexton Blake have already had

1,200 adventures, we learn, but these heroes lay such a heavy strain on probability that they are not of much account.

THE WAR.

FROM CHAUFFEUR TO BRIGADIER. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. B. BAKER-CARR, C.M.G., D.S.O. Benn. 21s.

PLAINLY and frankly written, this book is one of the most important and striking criticisms of the conduct of the war. What pertinacity, courage, and indifference to personal advancement were needed to get new ideas into the minds of the army authorities General Baker-Carr clearly shows. With due allowance for the vastness and complexity of the issues involved, we cannot help being surprised at the torpor and sloth of the official mind steadily refusing to look ahead. When the author after numerous escapes as a chauffeur at the front started a Machine-Gun School, he had to do all the organization and proceed on vague permission from the higher authorities with nothing in the military manuals to help him. Even when the school was greatly enlarged and a recognized success, commanders did not appreciate the vast saving of man power in the use of the machine-gun. A memorandum on the subject was carefully prepared and forwarded to G.H.Q., but not a single individual had the courage to support it; some hedged and others were frankly hostile:

> The reader must remember that in 1914–15 the subject of machine-guns in the British Army *was* trifling.

The Machine Gun Corps would probably never have existed without the aid of Kitchener. The author was a "dug-out," not a graduate of the Staff College, but the book shows his skill in tackling problems of failure in gunnery and solving them.

When he took over the command of one of the new battalions of tanks, there was the same chorus of opposition and misunderstanding to be met. Actually at one time a considerable reduction of the highly-trained men was contemplated, but he got away to Paris and stopped any move of the kind. The tanks, at first not a great success, proved their value in the Battle of Cambrai, and the time came when they were withdrawn for a much needed rest, but had to turn out with "scratch" crews of volunteers, because a division of the Canadian Corps refused to advance without them. When the First Brigade of the Tank Corps was on its last legs, its final action could not be fought till a causeway was made. The author had to decide whether it was worth the loss of life involved; the causeway was built at a heavy toll of men, but the infantry following the tanks suffered hardly any loss and hundreds upon hundreds of lives were saved.

The author is vague about dates, but his narrative with several good stories in it is a fine record of difficulties overcome.

A brain less adroit and daring might easily have failed to win its way through official discouragement and, we have to add, ignorance of the real conditions in which warfare took place. Politicians at home were equally misguided in their estimate of the spirit of the people, as the author remarks.

THE WHISTLER'S ROOM. By PAUL ALVERDES. Translated by BASIL CREIGHTON. Secker. 5s.

THIS is a short book, occupying less than 100 pages of large print, but a little masterpiece in its realism and understanding, though the author seems rather to revel in unpleasant medical details. The "Whistlers" are patients in a German hospital whose throats have been so injured that they have to breathe through inserted tubes and whisper faintly when they have to speak. All their little ways, their reticences and confessions among themselves, their pride and courage are revealed. They give their confidence but slowly to an English soldier who is added to their ward, but they adore their doctor, whose bluff way conceals his tenderness, and who manages them perfectly. The author never indulges in fine writing and his plain narrative is much more effective.

IT'S A GREAT WAR. By MARY LEE. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

THIS book is a prize-winner, and describes at great length the experiences of a young American girl in a base hospital with the Air Service in Paris, and as a canteen worker. It runs to 690 pages and took several years to write, as we should expect, since it is singularly full in its description and repetition of detail. Success is attained here by an infinity of small strokes, but the artist's way of omission is preferable. The book needs an effort to get through it, and shows something like an obsession with sex. The Preface tells us that, as war is interminably long, a book about it must be so too, and must be jerky, because war runs in jerks. But a book must have a unity which life does not possess, and it must make some concessions to the reader. Miss Lee revels in jerks. Sentences like "You musn't think of,—" and, "O God, why don't they . . ?" abound everywhere, and the amount of nouns and scraps of sentences hanging about without any construction grows tedious. We do not see that a woman has any great advantage over a man in writing about the war, as the author claims. Surely moral and emotional strain belonged to both sexes, the fighters and the helpers alike.

The story is well devised to show the ironies of war and the heroine's brave part in canteen work is effectively pictured.

GENERAL.

WHO MOVED THE STONE? By FRANK MORISON. Faber and Faber. 6s.

WE know nothing of the author, but he has certainly produced a noteworthy account of the events from the arrest of Christ to the discovery of the empty tomb. He started with a bias against

the historicity of the story and concluded with the belief that the faith of the disciples was founded on fact, not fiction. Indeed, the marked change in their demeanour and behaviour, from fear and dejection to faith and certainty openly proclaimed, is not easily harmonized with fraud or deception. The first thing to be noticed is the discrepancy among the Evangelists, who surely, on this cardinal point of faith, might have been expected to produce one simple, clear testimony agreeing on and mentioning the vital points to establish the Resurrection. We must suppose, however, that tradition and piety led to divergencies, the Gospel of Mark being generally regarded as the earliest document on the subject. We have to fill in the story from the implications of the texts, explain the movements and whereabouts of those concerned and make a reasonable time-table of the events as they happened. Then we have to consider the likelihood, according to human nature and the known conditions of the time, of the story which emerges. It is in this part of his study that the author excels. He brings a wealth of evidence to show that the tomb was empty when Mary Magdalen and her companions examined it, and he suggests that the "young man clothed in a long white garment" they found seated there was no angel, but he who was mentioned in Mark 14 as following with Jesus when the disciples fled. The author sees nothing to show that "the women regarded this individual as a supernormal being." But the angels which in the other gospels take the place of the young man are described in John 24 as "two men," and are not the "two men . . . in white apparel" of Acts I who spoke to the disciples when Jesus was taken out of their sight clearly supernormal? We can then lay no stress on the wording, but the recognition of the young man as an earlier hearer of the words of Jesus is a good example of the writer's ingenious and compelling narrative. That young man appearing for no particular purpose is only mentioned in the Second Gospel. Why was he noticed? Was he himself later to be the author of that gospel? Whether the author means to adopt this suggestion is not clear to us.

If a second edition is called for, more explanation should be given on textual points. The average reader does not know that the end of Mark is suspected and references to the "primitive Marcan fragment" suggest a passage surviving apart and torn from its context at both ends. The question of the title leads to important considerations about the guards set on the tomb. The line taken by Jewish objectors, who were able controversialists, shows, as has been pointed out long since, that there was nothing in the circumstances of the death of Jesus to justify the wilder, modern conjectures of fraud.

HERBS, SALADS AND SEASONINGS. By X. MARCEL BOULESTIN AND JASON HILL. With illustrations by Cedric Morris. Heinemann. 6s.

IN an earlier England much more was made of the herb garden than now, when it is often merely regarded as desirably old-fashioned. In France, however, where salads are better understood, herbs provide many delicate seasonings, and the alphabetical list of them under the title "In the Kitchen" should suggest many good ideas to the enterprising. Bergamot, bay and chives are all worth considering as examples of finer flavourers than those usually presented to the crude English palate. The advice to dig the soil deep for horseradish suggests a caution about the rapid spread of a plant very difficult to eradicate which is apt to take more room than it is worth. The dandelion is despised as a common weed but useful enough, as is remarked, in a salad. It has been in the English pharmacopœa for centuries. The authors, who are evidently experts, consider comeliness as well as culinary virtues. We are glad to hear that the lemon verbena, which we only know in the mild climate of Cornwall, can be grown anywhere at the foot of a south wall with due protection during the winter.

THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN AND OTHER FUTURITIES. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Lane. 7s. 6d.

MR. LEACOCK keeps up his gaiety remarkably, dealing with new inventions, social and literary absurdities, and sport. We should guess, however, that, to meet a steady demand, he writes too fast, for he sometimes treats us to a dull opening before he gets to his fun. Some of the language is frankly American, of the sort not yet generally understood in this country. The commercialization of athletics is neatly hit off. "The world's baseball series was held last night . . . It has not yet been decided which club will be declared the winner, as the money is not all in yet." The accounts of College life are amusing, but we have already seen enough of it in the cinema to discover how far it differs from the English variety of it. The "Golfomaniac" is quite wrong in supposing that Mr. Lloyd George never played the game, and has clearly never visited Walton Heath. The sillier crazes of present-day writing are fairly exposed and suit well the gift of exaggeration which is Mr. Leacock's main means of humour.

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